IND.

SIR!

GIRLS — CARTOONS — FEATURES

25c
JUNE

BROADWAY'S TOP RANKING CHORUS CUTIE

"I WOULDN'T STRIP FOR HITLER"

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BOYS' CLUBS OF AMERICA

381 FOURTH AVENUE . NEW YORK CITY

SIR!

GIRLS-CARTOONS-FEATURES

VOL. 1, NO. 1

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You CAN BEAT THE RACES

How to operate parlays, back-to-backs, if-money, and reverse plays, and profitably, we hope!

by HARRY LEE

WHAT do you mean you can't beat the races? You can, but it takes iron nerve, extraordinary will-power and a fair-sized bankroll. Then again, even if you don't run your money into the upper brackets, look at all the fun you'll have—providing you keep your head and don't go completely overboard.

Let's start fresh. I said you can beat the races. Why not? Every race has a winner; sometimes even two, if it's a dead heat. All you've got to do is land on the right one. Very simple, isn't it? But when you locate a winner how will you go about getting the most for your money?

If you've done any betting at all, you know you can't get anywhere by making individual bets on 3-5 shots, or even-money, or even 2-1 horses. But you can cut yourself a nice chunk of cash by parlaying two or more short-priced animals. Several of this kind, hooked up right, often run up into serious money.

And that's the purpose of this article: to put in a good word for those much maligned methods of betting: parlays, back-to-back, if-money and reverse plays, which long have made racing conservatives shudder. What they've done to some peace-loving bookmakers defies description, the general opinion of them notwithstanding. Sure they're risky, but what form of betting isn't? I'm not revealing a dark secret when I say that all play on horses is sheer speculation. Therefore, when you're betting you should try to win the most possible on the smallest investment. Nothing else affords so much of an opportunity to do so than combination plays; some form of pyramiding betting profits.

A parlay, as you probably already know, is a combination of bets—two, three or more—the success of which depends entirely on all the horses either winning, running second or third, however specified when the wager is made. Its most popular form is the two or three-horse parlay, although not infrequently more horses are grouped in a single play. When they win, or, if a place parlay, all finish first or second; or, if a show parlay, all finish first, second or third, then you've hit the jack-pot, especially if there are three or more horses in the play.

For example, let us say you're a one-buck bettor; you don't like to gamble. You've got a dollar to throw away on a chance to grab a large return. You pick up a racing sheet or the racing page of a daily newspaper and find a couple of 5-1 shots as top horses in the selections. You parlay the two and they win. What do you get for your buck? Nothing else than a cool $36; $35 profit on a $1 bet.

Perhaps the thought of cashing on two 5-1 shots is too much for you. Well then, take a pair of 3-1 chances. They'll bring back $16.00, the $1 investment included. Since you're being fed this in small doses, I won't go into how much a successful three-horse parlay, each paying 5-1, or even 3-1, would net the player. But suffice it to say that a transaction of this nature would blow up to almost unbelievable size.

IN computing a two-horse parlay, multiply the prices paid by each winner and divide by four for every dollar bet. The result is the exact return, the dollar invested included. Multiply the result by the number of dollars bet to determine the exact pay-off according to how much has been wagered.

In computing a three-horse parlay, multiply the prices paid by each winner and divide by eight to determine the return for each dollar bet. In this result the investment is also included.

If the above is not clear, here is how it works: In a two-horse parlay, each winner at 3-1, or $8 in the mutuel machines, multiply $8 by $8. The result is $64. Divide by four and you have $16. That is the exact return for $1, including the dollar wagered.

For a three-horse parlay, multiply the three prices, as: one horse at even-money, or $4, one at 2-1, or $6, and the third at 3-1, or $8, and they total $192. Divided by eight, leaves $24, the return for $1 with the original investment included.

This procedure is followed in computing every kind of parlay, whether to win (finish first), place (finish second), or show (finish third); or a combination parlay, one horse to win, another to place and another to show.

If you're more of the conservative type, perhaps back-to-back plays would appeal to you more than do the highly-speculative parlays. Back-to-back embodies the best features of the parlay, at the same time eliminating some of the hazards of the complete pyramid, and often permits a cash return even if all the horses named in the play do not win. But there must be at least a single winner or else the entire transaction is a losing one.

Let me explain. For instance, $2 bet on a 5-1 shot, if-money $2 on another horse, brings back $10 if the first horse wins. The remaining $2 automatically goes on the rest of the play as named in the original transaction. Thus, it can be seen that there is an $8 profit even before the final result is known. In the event that the rest of the bet falls through, the return remains at the figure just mentioned. But where more winners are encountered, the profit swells, depending on the prices obtained. This clearly defines the difference between parlays and back-to-back plays.

Back-to-back and reverse means exactly what the term implies. The reverse part of the bet is that portion of the winnings that accrues from the second half of the transaction and reverts to the first horse. If the first horse wins, a predetermined amount of money—as already explained—goes on the next horse. If the second part of the play loses, there may still be a return—depending on the price paid by the winner. Twisting the play around, if the first horse loses and the second one wins, money may still accrue to the bettor, as explained above.

To simplify matters, a play is written thus:

WHIRLAWAY . . . $2 to win.
If-money
ALSAB . . . $2 to win.

Now then, should Whirlaway win at 4-1, there is an immediate return of $10, including the $2 bet. Of this, $2 automatically would go on Alsab, leaving a balance of $8, of which $6 is profit since $2 is the bettor's own money. Then, if Alsab wins at the same odds, $10 more is won, bringing the total return to $18, the profit of which is $16 on a $2 play.

It is also permissible for the bettor to "if" off more money on the second horse, provided the winnings from the first *(Continued on page 62)*

SIR'S SUPER RATINGS

C 75 S..... AIR MASTER	C 76 S ..... ESPERO
B 85 M....AMERICAN WOLF	C 78 S X ..... FAIRMOND
B 88 M or R X.....AONBARR	D 13 R X .....HILLBLOND
B 85 S .....APACHE	C 75 S .....KENTOWN
C 76 S .....BIG TALK	D 40 S X.....K. DORKO
B 89 R.....BOSTON MAN	D 45 S X.....LIBERTY CAP
B 89 S X.....CAMP VERDE	D 30 S.....LONG RANGE
D 20 R X .....CHALLANTE	A 92 S-M X .MISS DOGWOOD
C 74 S X .....CLARKSVILLE	D 13 R X ..... NAVARIN
D 35 S X .....CREPE	D 25 S X....SHADOWS PASS
D 25 S ..... CUCKOO-MAN	B 88 S-M X.....SIR JEFFREY
D 60 S X ...DAILY DELIVERY	B 84 M..... THE SWALLOW
D 20 S X..... DON MOSS	C 77 S X .VALDINA ORPHAN
B 80 S.....DREAMY EYES	D 12 R X.....WHO REIGH

RATINGS

Class of Horse
A—Highest, B—Second, C—Third, D—Fourth
Key to Distance
S—Sprinter (up to seven furlongs)
M—Middle Distance (from 7 furlongs to mile and one sixteenth)
R—Router (mile and one eighth and over)
X—Runs well in mud

Where two or more horses listed here are entered in same race, the preference is the one with the highest class letter, A being best and so on down in alphabetical order. Where class letters are similar in two or more cases, highest number is given preference. Where class letter and number are similar, the horse carrying the least weight is preference. Where everything still remains equal, the horse quoted at the longest odds is preference.

And while you're up there, do you mind changing the bulbs?

fuscies

Magda Loy poses in one of the many costumes she wears for her dance acts at the Monte Carlo Night club in New York.

Backstage, the dancer relaxes before dressing for her next performance of the American Strip-tease which she recently learned.

THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T STRIP FOR HITLER

Magda Loy is more than just a dancer — she is the living symbol of the will to triumph over Hitler

by OSCAR JOHNSON

THE lights of Berlin's Winter Garden were dim. The audience sat, fidgety, nervously waiting for the curtain to rise on the sensational dance they had heard whisperings about.

In 1933 people in Berlin only whispered when they mentioned anything other than the glorification of Greater Germany or the omniscence of the newly appointed Reichkanzeler, Adolph Hitler, the self-styled Fuehrer. But they had found something worth whispering about, these pleasure-loving people of Berlin, something that would take their befuddled minds away from the bloody current events of their day.

They had discovered Magda Loy, the dancer who had left behind in Budapest, Paris, Vienna, London a trail of awe-struck audiences of Europe's little people and big. People who had been tempted to the theatres by breathless tales of Magda Loy and her sensual Golden Javanese Dance. They had come doubting, and had gone away to sing Hosannas of the girl who could wake the dormant spirits of a pleasure besotted continent.

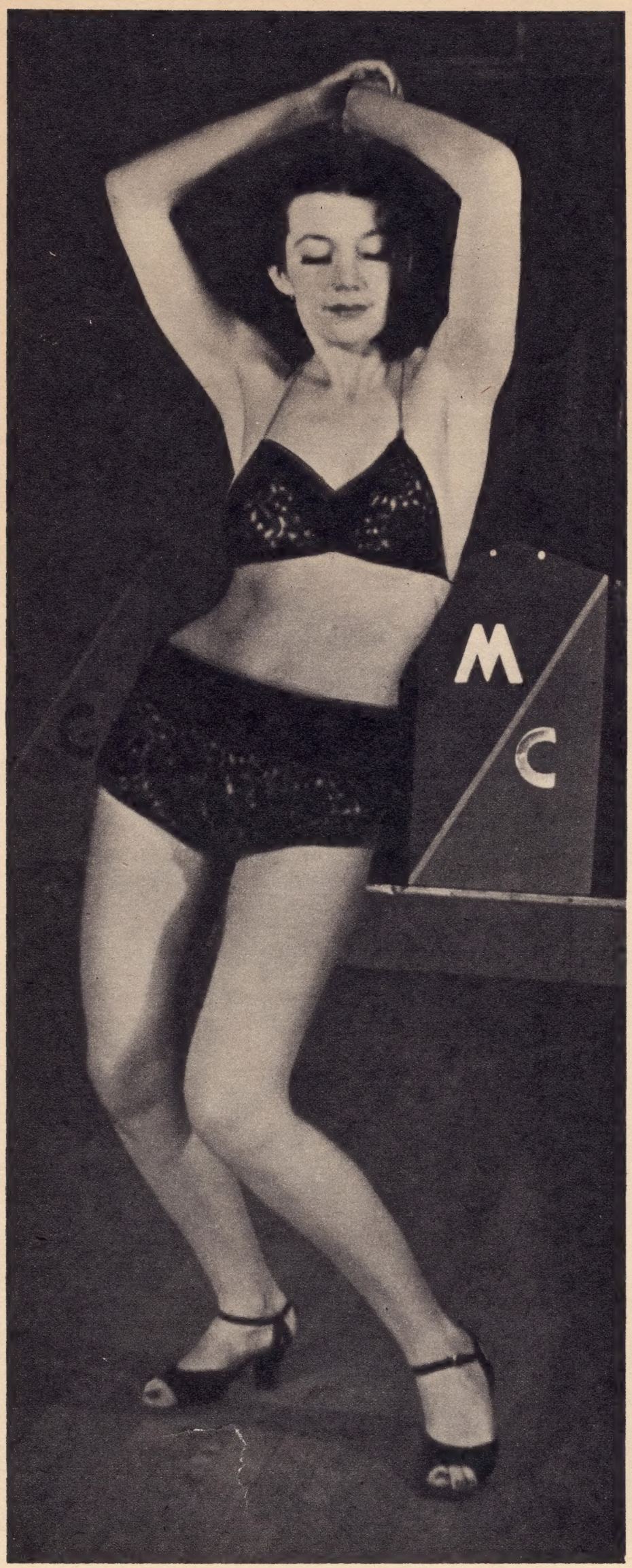
There was a strange delay. The curtain, scheduled to rise at exactly 8:30, was still down and the time was 8:48. The audience grew impatient. They worried, and wondered. None voiced displeasure. None dared voice displeasure, not even to his wife or best friend who might be occupying the next seat. Displeasure of things in Berlin was an affront to The Fuehrer. And to affront the man who had come to lead the "Master Race" from the "unfair intrigues" of the Versailles treaty, was to invite the Storm Troopers to your home, to add your name to the ever-growing list of Nazi victims,—whereabouts unknown.

So strong had the power of the Nazi monster become, so treacherous and all-engulfing were his teachings, that hatred and brutality and lust had seeped into the people who just yesterday had been your friends and your beloved ones. To turn informer, and report a malcontent to the Gestapo would bring favor to the informer—favor that would keep him temporarily safe from the sadistic pleasures of the secret police. So the people of Berlin waited to see the rapturous dance of the feted Magda Loy and they waited quietly and patiently and fearfully lest the clamor within their own hearts betray them to the Nazis.

Suddenly the lights flashed on. The orchestra men leaped to their feet, instruments blaring forth the cacophony of the Horst Wessel, marching song of Hitler and his cohorts. Down the center aisle he marched, an almost pathetic little figure with a comic mustache. A spindly little man dressed in a military overcoat sizes too large for him. He looked neither right nor left as the audience rose to shout tumultous "Heils"!

Flanking him on either side and slightly to the rear were his two chief lieutenants, Hermann Goering, fat, degenerate, overdressed dope fiend, leader of the Berlin Storm Troopers, and the club-footed little sadist, the almost negroid little pervert who created a special brand of Aryan to take care of himself, Paul Goebbels, Propaganda Minister of the Third Reich.

Closely guarded by their bodyguards they proceeded to their box. An effeminate wave of the hand, a supine caricature of the ancient Roman salute, from Hitler, the man of destiny, stopped the loud and forced cheers. The Great Man turned to the stage and *(Continued on page 44)*



Magda Loy pins her gown before going onstage. Strip gowns are constructed to be removed with a minimum of trouble.

As the lights of the Monte Carlo grow dim, Magda Loy goes into the sensous climax of her dance. The body movement of this routine is very similar to that of her Golden Javanese Dance for which she received the golden Swastika from Hitler.

"I told him there was another *skunk* like him in Germany."

"You dumb looking babes fascinate me."

"Bobby don't you think you've finally outgrown the third grade?"

"I haven't had a single date since I've been transferred from Hardware."

"Now you'll have to buy me a new pair of stockings!"

ARE SYPHILIS AND GONORRHEA AMERICA'S MOST FORMIDABLE 5th COLUMN?

by ARNOLD FOX

Only two factors disable more soldiers than venereal disease... battle casualties and influenza!

Two girls caught by Federal agents in a white slave ring round-up, hide their faces as they enter the patrol wagon. Systematic elimination of white slavery is the surest way to wipe out venereal disease and racketeering.

SUPPOSE that nearly 60,000 young men out of the first million who underwent physical examination for Selective Service during the past year were found to be infected with smallpox, or typhoid, or cholera. The whole community of our nation would rise up and demand action! Health authorities, civilian officials, and citizens would see to it that these diseases were wiped out; that the source of such a drain on our manpower was eliminated. The infection would be relentlessly traced to its source, and that source brought under control.

Not so with venereal diseases, which afflicted an estimated 60,000 men among the first million selectees examined during the past year. This disease flourishes, because people prefer to regard it as something immoral rather than as a sickness that can be cured. According to the latest reports to the United States Public Health Service, not more than half of these infected men have been brought under treatment in their home communities.

Why? Remember, these were young men. Many of them had syphilis in an early infectious form. There they are—thousands and thousands of incendiaries smouldering away in the population. It is an almost unbelievable situation.

There will be a huge bill to pay in money and misery when some of the conflagrations these individual fires have started come to the surface. These boys who carry with them the preliminary stages of syphilis and gonorrhea are really bringing to society a disabling disease of the arteries, brain, bone and other vital organs.

Consider some of the costs of syphilis to the taxpayer—such as the annual $31,000,000 expended in public institutions for care of the syphilitic insane; the annual $10,000,000 for those blinded by syphilis. The Veterans Administration estimates an expenditure of $82,000,000 up to July 1, 1940, for disastrous outcomes due to venereal disease.

Consider too the cost of venereal diseases to the nation in terms of manpower—so vital a problem in wartime—especially when it is found that one-half of the infections occur in the age group 20 to 30. That is the most vigorous and productive age: that of the wage earner, the young mother, the young professional man or woman, and the soldier!

LET'S take a closer look at a few facts about venereal diseases during World War I and the present day.

1. *Seven million days were lost from service in the United States Army because of venereal diseases, which were surpassed only by battle casualties (17,500,000 days), and by influenza (10,500,000 days) as a cause of noneffectiveness.*
2. *Gonorrhea is the leading cause of days lost from service in the United States Army because of sickness, and has been in every year since the World War.*
3. *For every case of syphilis reported in the Navy there were four of gonorrhea.*
4. *Syphilis and gonorrhea cause as much time lost in the United States Army as the next three leading causes combined (athletic injuries, nose and throat infections, and motor-vehicle accidents).*
5. *A total of 338,746 officers and men—the equivalent of 23 divisions—received treat-*

The red light district, Colon, Panama. Beds are inside the doors.

Cabarets, juke joints and Taxi-dance halls are spreaders of the disease.

ment for venereal diseases during World War I.

It is plain truth that syphilis and gonorrhea are among the gravest dangers which threaten national health and strength. Like war, syphilis cuts men off in their prime. Like modern warfare, it does not spare women and children. Several times more frequent than syphilis, gonorrhea too often cripples limbs, prevents parenthood, blinds babies.

Syphilis and gonorrhea are far and away the most vicious of venereal diseases. Together they rank as No. 1 public health problems because, in the first place, so many people have them. In the second place, both are infectious diseases. Each untreated patient, like a typhoid carrier, may set off a long series of local epidemics. And finally, syphilis and gonorrhea top the list of public health problems because they are conquerable.

In 1940, more than five times as many new cases of syphilis were reported to health departments as were new cases of tuberculosis.

More than 25,000 men, women, children are blind because of its ravages.

More than 40,000 persons with late syphilis are in institutions for the mentally diseased.

Syphilis and gonorrhea are chief causes of sick reports and disability in the Army and Navy. In industry they cause loss of time and hamper efficiency—keep workers and machines idle, or cause costly accidents and errors.

The estimated prevalence of syphilis in the United States is 3,200,000. That is, one out of every 42 persons has syphilis NOW!

Seventeen out of every 1,000 applicants for marriage licenses have syphilis!

Approximately 96,000 children were born to syphilitic mothers in the United States in 1940!

Syphilis is the cause of insanity in one out of every 12 first admissions to mental hospitals!

WE are now assembling the largest army in our history. If we do not manage the venereal disease problem even better than we did in the First World War, the loss of manpower and the cost will be far greater than it was then!

The President has pledged that America will fight her enemies anywhere in the world. This means inevitably that our troops will be sent to theaters of war where civilian public health control is far below the national standard in the United States. But our boys do not have to go out of their own country to be exposed to equally serious conditions. There are many States and many more cities within our borders with syphilis rates far in excess of the national average!

We can turn to the results of the draft examination for a good index of the amount of syphilis infection in our communities. The job cut out for us is there for all to see. State by State, county by county, city by city, the reservoir of syphilitic infection is revealed. We dare not turn our eyes, away, for in our national extremities we are short of manpower and short of time. It is up to all of us immediately to do everything in our power to drain that reservoir and reclaim the lost manpower.

There is a danger, however, of comparing the venereal disease situation in your State or community with that in others. The States with the highest rates of 156 or 170 per 1,000 home-town boys examined may seek to rationalize their situation, or bog down under the impression that the job is hopeless. For that matter, have the States with the lowest rates of 6 and 7 per 1,000 men finished their jobs? By no means. We know the significant correlation between low rates and long-term, vigorous control programs. The very fact that control measures have proved their worth should be stimulus to further effort. Such States and communities cannot afford to rest on their oars. Remember, no State in this country has yet achieved the low rates once recorded in Sweden and Denmark.

Treatment is important for venereal disease control. Prevention is also of the highest importance unless we are so short sighted as to pour out public money in a never-ending effort to bail out the boat instead of attempting to calk up the seams.

The greatest source of venereal disease infection in wartime is the professional prostitute. In our present mobilization, commercialized prostitution has expanded in menacing proportions. Troops have been concentrated in regions where prostitution was tolerated by custom and where municipal authorities permitted the medical examination and licensing of prostitutes. War industries, too, have turned villages into boom towns overnight. And there the prostitutes have most frequently concentrated. Organized by powerful and vicious interests, they followed the men and the money.

In too many communities, there exists the traditional belief that prostitutes are good for soldiers and help in sustaining morale. In too many communities, there exists the traditional belief that the only thing to worry about is venereal disease inspection of prostitutes. This despite the fact that medical science outlawed this method of examination and licensing as a means of preventing infection more than 25 years ago!

Needs are too urgent to permit half-way measures in the repression of prostitution. Almost every State has laws to control commercialized prostitution, and similar municipal ordinances are on the books of most good sized cities; yet, seldom are these laws fully enforced or tied in with an aggressive public health policy of treatment, tracing of infection, and quarantine of recalcitrants. The good citizen interested in social hygiene has a clear cut responsibility to hammer on the necessity of his law enforcement agency and his public health department working together on this problem. Memphis has done pioneer work on this approach, beginning in 1939. Cities and counties in Wisconsin, cooperated with State and Federal agencies during the maneuvers of 1940 and did a notable job.

ENFORCEMENT of laws against prostitution is not a health officer's job. That must be made clear. The job is up to the police departments and the courts. And that in turn often depends on a vigorously expressed and determined public opinion.

A few months ago, courageous city officials in one of the nation's most notorious "vice centers" cracked down on commercialized prostitution. The houses—some in operation for more than thirty years—were closed. Hotels, presumably reputable, but openly pandering were told to clean up or closeup. Bell-boys, porters and taxi-drivers — formerly the chief "middle-men" in this ugly business —were made liable to imprisonment without fine if they continued to act as procurers. Clandestine prostitution, so common in "juke-joints," taverns and the like, was ferreted out, and the girls ordered to leave town.

Recent reports from this community indicate that for the first time in many years, the city and its environs are reasonably free of commercialized prostitution. Hitherto, efforts on the part of State health authorities even to secure quarantine of recalcitrant infected prostitutes had met with resistance. Reports from nearby military encampments also indicate a substantial reduction in new infections.

This is a good beginning—but one cannot think of anything more futile in public health work than "a good beginning" alone. It is not enough to run the prostitutes to cover. A few sporadic raids, padlocking a few brothels will not do the job. This approach perhaps serves a purpose in encouraging good citizens and "softening up" the enemy. But unless the "good beginning" is followed up by sustained teamwork on the part of the law, public health and welfare, it will fail invariably to deliver the community from prostitution.

The Army and Navy, the United States Public Health Service, together with State and local health departments, and the Division of Social Protection in the Office of Defense Health and Welfare of the Federal Security Agency—all are agreed that the approach to the problem of halting the spread of venereal diseases is to institute a program of vigorous repression of the prostitution racket.

In this connection, the work of the Division of Social Protection has two closely related aspects. One is the task of promoting legal repression by local authorities in prostitution areas adjacent to Army camps, Naval stations and war industries. This includes especially commercial prostitution. It includes also developments of ways to supervise taverns, dance halls, "honky tonks" and other places which attract young girls for "commercial" jobs, and funnel them into prostitution. These are the objectives to which both military and civilian authorities are committed.

The other is attacking the roots of prostitution, finding ways to prevent women and girls from entering that vulnerable and venereal profession.

The methods of legal attack—of repression—are well known. They require: effective laws; honest and professionally competent policing and prosecution by local and State officials; vigorous cracking down on those who exploit and are parasites upon the prostitute's work; and close cooperation with the health authorities in discovering and controlling infected persons.

Any plan of action, *(Continued on page 48)*

"Don't you ever get lonesome, Miss Veres?"

BROADWAY'S TOP-RANKING CHORUS-CUTIE

An Intimate Visit with the Main-Stem Girl Voted "Most Likely to Succeed"

MIRIAM FRANKLIN is on the way to stage and screen greatness. She believes that, because it's the opinion not only of stage directors and critics, but because the other girls in the chorus of "Let's Face It," have shown their faith in her, by voting her "most likely to succeed." Her chorus companions believe in Miriam's ability to write her name in the lights of Broadway, and Miriam has vowed that she won't be the one to let them down!

Charles Walter, director of "Let's Face It," has said, "Miriam's a natural. She can do anything a director could possibly want of a girl. She has looks, more than many leading stars of Hollywood. She can read lines like an old-timer and her dancing right now is good enough for specialties in class "A" Broadway productions."

Miriam comes by her talent through natural processes, her mother and father, both old vaudevillians are still main-stem characters; her father a salesman for a theatrical photographer, and her mother, wardrobe mistress at Ben Marden's Riviera. Since she broke into show business four years ago, Miriam has never been out of work, having been front-line center in the choruses of "Sing Out the News," "Yokel Boy," "Very Warm for May," "Panama Hattie" and many other Broadway hits.

Miriam hopes that "Let's Face It" is the last show in which she will appear in the chorus. Her aim now is to be a specialty dancer, and after that, a comedienne.

She's a long-legged blonde, with the suppleness of well-trained youth. Her smile is worth a fortune in box-office dollars, and her little giggle is refreshing as a cold shower. She does her own hair, which has never yet needed a permanent. Her favorite perfume is Tailspin. She's 5 foot 5 and weighs 109 pounds.

PHOTOS FROM EUROPEAN

Marseilles

PATTERN FOR MASS MURDER

A monarch falls and a new world order gets its first green light

by PAUL KERI

as told to Denis Plimmer.

WHEN, on the morning of October ninth, 1934, the cries of the paper-sellers shattered the silence of the Quartier Vinohrady in Prague with their "Alexander of Jugoslavia and Barthou of France Assassinated at Marseilles," I spoke one ominous name, "Janka Puszta!"

A couple of journalist friends who were in my apartment that day looked at me in astonishment. My exclamation must have sounded to them like some strange barbaric oath. But it wasn't. Janka Puszta was the deserted Hungarian farm, ominous and blood-stained, wherein the members of the murder-cult known as the Ustachis were taught their gory trade. From there, I was mortally certain, the frozen-faced men had set forth to spill the royal blood of Jugoslavia on the stones of the Rue Cannebiere in Marseilles.

I was mortally certain of something else, too, that sunny October day, and history has unfortunately proved me a true prophet. I guessed then that the bloody deed of regicide was to prove the green go-ahead signal for the dictators, that henceforth, their first success having been so neatly accomplished, they would proceed to further and greater crimes, from the murder of men to the murder of nations, until finally all Europe would be running blood, from Calais to Istanbul.

The aftermath of that historic double-murder was farcical. A trial of the instigators *in absentia* was held in France. They were condemned to death—also *in absentia*. The newspapers of central Europe—of Prague, Vienna, Belgrade—were hurriedly silenced, and this ominous deed was buried quickly under the mad rush of events which filled men's minds thereafter. The slaughtered King of the South Slavs was soon forgotten, and that bulwark against fascism, Foreign Minister Barthou of France, was replaced by other and less honest men, men who (like Laval) soon gave way to the dictators and directly paved the road which was to lead to the ghastly collapse of France and the "greatest army in Europe" in the early summer of 1940.

It was all forgotten so quickly that my warnings fell on deaf, if not hostile, ears. Besides, Europe since 1934 was no place for an anti-fascist Jeremiah like myself. Only now in free America is it completely safe for me to speak my mind, to lay before the liberty-loving people of the world the carefully prepared Nazi-Fascist blueprint for a new World Order.

THERE is in south-western Hungary a village called Nagy Kanizsa. It's a little place situated about twenty kilometers from the Jugoslav border. Nagy Kanizsa is a hamlet of low buildings and rural atmosphere. Only along the main street named after Hungary's regent, Rue Horthy Miklos, is there the slightest pretense to urbanity in the form of a few sizable houses. One of these, an old one-story structure located at Number Twenty-three Rue Horthy Miklos, figures importantly in our story. Once it was an inn, its great doorway always hospitably open to the tired traveller. But in the late summer of 1934 that doorway was closed, and the frightened villagers always crossed to the opposite side of the street in passing it. For the place had an unsavory reputation. It was the kind of mysterious old house of which one speaks in a low voice, fearfully.

It was the Hungarian headquarters of the dreaded Ustachis.

In that grim building on a September night in 1934 a group of men had collected. They were waiting for their leader who was expected to arrive at any moment from Italy. That leader's name was Ante Pavelich. You've undoubtedly seen him referred to recently in discussions of the new "independent" state of Croatia, recently created by Adolf Hitler from the war-torn wreck of what was once Jugoslavia.

The men who were awaiting Pavelich that evening in the Rue Horthy Mikos were representatives of the Ustachis whose active headquarters were nearby in an isolated farm called Janka Puszta. They were a blood-stained lot, specialists in assissination, in secret murder, in political intrigue. They were recruited from various sources. Some were professional murderers whose services went to the highest bidder. Others were representatives of the two dictators, Hitler and Mussolini. Still others were remnants of the old Imperial Army of Austria-Hungary. And their avowed purpose in so foregathering was the smashing of the Jugoslav state which had risen from the fertile brains of the peacemakers of Versailles. Their means and their immediate aim was the detachment of Croatia from Jugoslavia and the formation of an independent Croat nation.

The dictators were behind them, hand and brain and pocketbook, for the solidity of the Little Entente had long been a thorn in their sides and a barrier to their pan-European ambitions. While the nations of the Little Entente stood fast, the balance of power in Europe would favor the Western democracies, the victors of Versailles. But once let Mittel Europa be divided against itself and the way would be open for Axis intervention to "protect" the rights of small states; in other words, to swallow them!

Therefore the Ustachis was a tool of incredible utility, forged at the right moment, and the dictators saw to it that this tool was kept bright and sharp. Mussolini in particular was a backer of the Ustachis. Their designs on Jugoslavia were in perfect harmony with Italian foreign policy with regard to the countries bordering the Adriatic. So in the Italian village of Borgotaro there was a second Ustachis training-camp. It was here that Ante Pavelich presided, and from which he was expected to journey on that September evening to the house at Number Twenty-three, Rue Horthy Miklos.

THE dictators were not the only friends of the Ustachis. Apart from the Croat separationists, there were the Austrian and Hungarian royalists, a strong clerical faction, and the usual troupe of political hangers-on who hoped to profit when the new world order should come into being. Most of these of course were being led by the nose and could never have realized it until the Axis war-machine started its clanking progress across Europe, and all questions of Hapsburg restoration and the like were as dead as Wilson's Fourteen Points.

Such were the purposes, varying and hidden, which animated the breasts of the little band of criminals who had met in the Ustachis headquarters at Nagy Kanizsa. Yet they were not entirely aware of the current purpose of their convocation except that they were to be addressed by their *podglavnik* (leader), Ante Pavelich. They knew of course that the Ustachis press had recently decreed the death of King Alexander. One attempt on his life had already been made at Zagreb. It had failed, due to the cowardice and stupidity of the assassin. But they could not be sure that the King was to be the subject of their deliberations that night until it was announced that Pavelich would not appear after all. Then the Austrian commandant of the Ustachis, Colonel Perchevich, arose before the assemblage and spoke.

He explained that Alexander was about to visit France and that the time had come to make an end of him. He would stop at Marseilles to lay a wreath on the monument to those French *poilus* who fell, side by side with the Serbs, in the Great War. He would then proceed to Versailles, and eventually (on his way home) to Lausanne to visit his oculist. *(Continued on page 61)*

"I suppose you never get lonely here."

"I warn you—It bites!"

"Now I know he's sincere, he was wrestling with my conscience all night!"

Joe is a big brother to kids. He always has his pockets filled with quarters and fifty-cent pieces to hand out to all his youthful admirers.

The champ is a good listener. Here, seated next to Freddie Guinyard, he takes in words of wisdom from the mouth of Howard U.'s prexy.

Give the Brown Bomber a series of comics and he goes out of this world. Superman and the dare devil type funny strips are his favorites.

SIR!

JOE LOUIS

THE MAN BEHIND THE DEAD-PAN

by CHESTER L. WASHINGTON
(Joe Louis' former secretary)

"He Placed a Rose on Abe Lincoln's Grave."

MOST PEOPLE see Joe Louis as a panther who stalks his foe around the ring bent on fistic murder. To them he is a cool, vicious, and calculating "killer" with the instinct of self-preservation foremost in his mind. Coupled with the fact that the Brown Bomber's after fight speeches have never been masterful orations the impression has gained credence that the champion is a stupid lunk who fortunately has been blessed with two mighty arms, a sleek body, and no brains.

Nothing could be further from the truth. In striking contrast to his ring viciousness, Joe in real life is extremely human; generous, grateful, and considerate. This is the view of the Great Stone Profile that those on the inside see and know.

Outside of the ring he is like a glib, over-grown kid. He likes to play, tease, and "kibitz." He can tell a good joke and enjoys one that isn't repeated in mixed company. His favorite is the pun. However it is his instinctive sense of dry, sly humor that brings the laughs. For example there is the time Joe was introduced to Ossie Simmons, Iowa's great football hero, in the lobby of a Chicago hotel. Ossie asked Joe whether he had ever seen him playing football. Joe answered in the affirmative. Then Simmons shot the question: "Do you ever play any football yourself, Joe?" Louis's answer came back quickly but calmly; "No, no, not me, you fellows play too rough."

Another time he was asked if it were true that a fighter didn't see or feel the punch that knocked him out.

"He may not see the punch, but brother he certainly feels it. At least I do," replied Joe.

Joe's idea of a good practical joke is to send friends telegrams on anniversaries or holidays without a message, just a blank signed "Joe Louis."

But with all his joking the champ has a serious side and no man is more loyal to his friends, but his deepest devotion is to his mother.

"I'll never forget," Joe once solemnly declared, "how my mother stuck by me when I had just about decided to give up fighting. My dad had been kicking about wasting so much time boxing. He warned me that if I kept it up I'd never amount to anything. I was in the amateurs then and at times it was discouraging. So, I was just about to throw in the sponge and call it all off and go back to work. But my mother came to my rescue: "If fighting is what you want to do, Joe," she said "stick to it. And I'll work my hands off for you to see that you get a chance to do what you're aiming to do."

Joe has never forgotten that moment of maternal devotion. And when he bought his mother her new home in Detroit he reminded her:

"That's just a little down payment on all the good things you did to help me when I couldn't help myself."

Fighting, which used to be a pleasure for him, is strictly a business today. He is in there just for the dough. While he is conservative so far as his own tastes are concerned he is generous, too generous, in how he hands it out to others less fortunate. His mail is just cluttered with requests from individuals and organizations asking for financial aid. He recently totaled such requests and it came to the staggering amount of seven and one-half million dollars.

Occasionally, however, he gets a letter that is different. One in particular from fashionable Newport he will never forget. Enclosed was a picture of an aristocratic looking lady and her handsome son. The letter read:

"Dear Mr. Louis:

My son is dangerously ill in a hospital here. You are his hero and his idol, so I am writing you. As a last resort the doctor and I thought a letter or note from you might help us in our desperate efforts to save him."

He wrote back.

"Dear Jimmy:

The going has been tough for me sometimes too, but I had to stay in there and keep my chin up. Just keep punching, little fellow, and you'll win the fight to regain your health. Good luck.

(Signed) Joe Louis."

Under separate cover was enclosed a big photo of Joe, personally autographed to Jimmy.

June

TWO WEEKS later he received a letter from the socialite mother which brought tears to his eyes. It was a touching testimonial of a mother's gratitude. It read:

"Dear Mr. Louis:

I will always believe that your letter and picture saved my boy's life. When he first saw them it put a new light in his eyes. From that moment on he wanted to live . . . and he will.

I will always feel indebted to you and to your race for your thoughtfulness and for the fine gentlemanly things which you represent.

Gratefully yours,

Mrs. X. . ."

One reason why people think Joe is cool is that he never loses his composure whether in the ring or out. He never shows emotion. This does not imply that he is cold blooded. Far from it. In fact the Brown Bomber is a pushover for a hard luck story and cannot bear to watch the misery of the poor, the lame, or the blind.

While jogging along on his roadwork down near his Jersey camp, recently, he passed a home for crippled kids. It was a pathetic sight to see the tots in wheel chairs and others hobbling around on crutches. Joe just glanced to the left, and never breaking his powerful stride jogged on.

When he got back to his cottage to change clothes, he called his secretary and said:

"Say Ches, I want you to do me a favor."

"Okay," the secretary answered, "what is it Joe."

"Remember that home for crippled kids we passed down the road?"

"I certainly do."

"Well take that money in my pocket (which was a considerable sum) and give it to the head of that home."

And to prove that the gift came from the heart *(Continued on page 55)*

The champ in a gleeful mood at his camp. Joe peps up his retinue with practical jokes.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Louis attending a social function. Divorce trial notwithstanding, these two people are strongly attached to each other.

A thoughtful horse fancier at the Cleveland show, Joe looks over prospects for his stable.

Backstage. Sadri, one of the dancers helps Tjawan get into her costume.

The payoff. Climax of the Legong. Princess Rangkesari is about to drive a dagger into the heart of her despised and masked suitor, King Lasem.

It takes a long time to dress for the Legong. Each article of costume has a ritualistic and historic significance. Sadri fastens Tjawan's bib and collar.

Tjawan fastens her skirt. This is an example of Balinese fabric printing. This type of sarong-skirt helped to make Dorothy Lamour famous.

The dance is on. The costumed attendant kneels between the two principals. When the dance gets underway she effaces herself quietly from the stage.

Tjawan waits for her cue. The bare torsos in the rear belong to the "gamelan."

JAPANESE CONQUEST OVER

Terror Claims the World's Most Picturesque

These pictures of the island of Bali no longer represent the vacation paradise . . . they are merely a nostalgic picturization of things as they were before the yellow horde of Nipponese conquest swept across the south Pacific.

Under the kindly and peaceful rule of the Dutch, Bali was allowed to develop to its fullest in line with the natives' own culture. Here it was, that the dance of the Balinese, a completely East Indian rhythmic ballet came into bloom. One of these dances, the Legong, the most etherealized of all Balinese dances, is pictured on these pages. Legend says the dance springs from the divine courtesans of the Balinese who are supposed to have danced this way in heaven.

There are two principal dancers in the Legong, one representing the Princess Rangkesari, the other the despised and unsuccessful suitor, King Lasem. Costumes for the Legong are intricate masterpieces of the Balinese arts of fabric printing and jewel decorations. Music for the Legong is supplied by "the gamelan," an orchestra of strange and primitive instruments. The men of the tribe are the musicians, some play the instruments, while others just hum.

The Balinese, always a peaceful race, quite dissimilar from their neighboring peoples, the Javanese always accepted with grace the benevolent rule of the Netherlanders. Being a peaceful and artistic people, their lot before the European occupation of the East Indies had always been as a subject race to their fiercer and less advanced aborigine neighbors. The Balinese women, long reputed to be the world's most beautiful females, had long been the lust victims of the neighboring islanders who preferred them to the heavier and far uglier women of their own racial stock. It was the intermingling of this blood of the fabulously beautiful Balinese women with the other South Sea Islanders that made these native peoples of the Dutch East Indies so far superior in culture and physical grace and classicism of facial features to their northern neighbors, the Japanese.

But peace and dancing and beauty are now far in the past. Like a horde of lustful locusts,

COMES BALI

Vacation Paradise

the Japanese swept through the South Pacific. Where they rule, poverty and ignorance and cruelty always sit with them on the master's seat. The Koreans, Manchuokuoans, the Chinese have all felt the sting of Nippon's whip. Now, that lash has fallen across the back of peaceful and beautiful Bali. Rape and poverty and filth, crawling horror and sadistic tortures are the immediate prospects for the people of the one-time Island Paradise.

But the rule of evil shall not last. We, the Americans, and all the other peoples of the United Nations, British, Russian, Chinese, Dutch, we all promise that! With peace, and justice lending speed to our bombers and courage to our arms we shall sweep back across the territory that has fallen under the yoke of the Axis!

You, the people of Bali shall dance again! Dance with joy, and in peace. We, the free people of the world, in New York, in London, on Bataan, in the trenches outside Leningrad, in the cellars and the torture chambers of Paris . . . we all promise you that!

Drink WHEN I'M DRY

Tailholt, in Texas, wasn't exactly a wet town, but Mrs. Drusie Bent and the girls of the W.C.T.U. had made up their minds that the demon rum must go!

by ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

I REMEMBER the evening Mrs. Drusie Bent and the rest tried to hack the Sweetly Dreaming saloon to pieces, and how Luke Brister lay down singing under the smashed whiskey barrel and would have drowned if Mike Cairns hadn't pulled him out. And the things that happened after that: I remember them like it was yesterday, although it's been a long time. The town was called Tailholt, then. Tailholt, Texas.

I remember the drummer, even. Anybody could see he was a smart-aleck, the minute he came in. I said, "Shine, mister?" and he said, "No, son—I can't read." And he went on to the bar.

He had on a mighty dudish rig—a wide, stiff straw hat with a red and black band, and a brown suit you could play checkers on if he'd keep still long enough. The coat had mother of pearl buttons and fit him around the waist like a corset, and the pants pegged so full at the top he looked kind of like an hour glass with legs. His shoes didn't really need shining. They were buttoned shoes, yellow, with box tops. And you could smell the pomade on his hair.

He went to the bar, and there was nobody back of it. Mike Cairns was over by a table watching some of the men playing dominoes and sort of getting acquainted with them; he hadn't come to Tailholt to open the saloon more than two weeks before. It was about six o'clock, because I had just rolled my popcorn and peanut wagon in off the sidewalk—I kept it in the saloon nights, and swept out to pay for the storage and for the privilege of running the shoe shine stand. That was how I came to be in a saloon, and only thirteen at the time.

The drummer said, "How about a little service, here?" and rattled a dollar on the bar like it was small change to him. Mike Cairns came right over, stepping over Luke Brister's legs in the way he had, spry for a big man, and looking sort of annoyed at Luke.

LUKE was about the only man in town you could call a drunkard, as I remember it, and he wasn't an offensive kind of drunk. He was sitting off to himself like he always did until his bottle was about half-empty, with a new white Stetson pushed away back, and his black hair falling over one eye. Luke's other eye showed smoky: he never winked it when he was drinking, and if you looked at it closely you thought it was moving around and around, but it wasn't. In a little while, Luke would take his bottle to the bar and try to set 'em up to everybody. He'd sing, and when he rode home that night, he'd lose his hat and come in next time swearing that somebody stole it.

If it hadn't been for the wind's blowing like it does in Texas, the Seven D ranch pasture would have been full of Luke Brister's hats.

Mike Cairns went behind the bar, and said, "Yes, sir, what's your pleasure?"

"Make me a Martini," the drummer said.

Well, this was cattle country, and if a man didn't drink beer, he drank whiskey straight. Mike Cairns didn't know any more how to make a Martini than he knew how to make a *pousse cafe* in seven colors.

He sort of cocked his head to one side. "How's that?"

"I said make me a Martini."

"Yes sir!" Mike said. "Coming right up." He got a glass off the shelf under the mirror, and said: "How do you want it fixed?"

"Listen, brother," the drummer told him. "As far's I know, there ain't but one way to make a Martini. If you don't know how to fix one, say so, and I'll go somewhere else."

Well, Ed Chapman and Ogle Baker and the other two men at the domino table kind of snickered at this. Because there wasn't any other bar in Tailholt. It was a mighty small place, and the only town in the county, and before Mike Cairns opened the old saloon men used to have liquor freighted in from eighty miles away.

"Oh, I'll fix it, all right," Mike said, and he was already pouring things into the glass. "But some folks like their Martinis one way, and some folks like 'em another."

It looked like Mike was putting a little of everything he had into the glass. I saw him reach for the Worcester sauce and add a dash of it.

He had just set the drink on the bar when we heard the women coming.

THEY were marching, and singing. It was a wooden sidewalk, and they kept time with their feet. I guess they had been practicing the song at Mrs. Drusie Bent's house, because even with ten or twelve of them singing, you could make out the words:

O, shun the temp-ting wine cup,
For want and shame are there;
Touch not the drunk-ard's poison,
Nor once to taste it dare;
But drink the pure cold wa-ter
That heaven so free-ly gives,
For strength and health and beau-ty,
To everything that lives.

I looked at Mike Cairns. He was a red-faced man, though not from drinking, with blue eyes and sandy eyebrows and sandy hair, what there was of it. He was frowning toward the swinging doors, with his head one side; his eyes looked darker, and puzzled. Ogle Baker said, "Uh-oh, boys!" and shoved back his chair, and he and Bart Wylie ran to the back door. But it was locked.

The drummer was drinking his drink. He choked on it and swallowed it in a hurry, and the women came through the swinging doors two abreast.

Mrs. Drusie Bent and Miss Fanny Schrier were in the lead. I remember how they were dressed: all of them wore white shirt waists and dark skirts, and they all had big white ribbons tied around their hats. It was kind of a uniform.

All of them carried hatchets but Mrs. Drusie Bent. She was a big, stout woman, with a face almost as red as Mike Cairns.' She carried a full-sized axe.

They didn't bother the doors, coming in. They kept marching straight for the bar. Mrs. Drusie Bent yelled: "Down with Demon Rum!" and the whole bunch shouted the same thing, and then they started singing the chorus of the song:

"Water, water, water, water, water, water, water, water,"
So the sweet bird sang,
"Water, water, water, water, water, water, water, water,"
Through the fiery spring.

They were at the end of the bar when this chorus began, and it was just like a drill. The double line parted—one file went back of the bar, with Mrs. Drusie Bent in the lead, and Miss Fanny Schrier marched the others down the front of the bar.

Every time they said, "Water," they swung their hatchets, and Mrs. Drusie Bent swung her axe.

Mike Cairns was yelling at them; I could see his lips moving. But there wasn't any sound except the crash of glass and the chopping on the bar, and women chanting "Water, water, water." And when Mike waved his arms in front of Mrs. Drusie, she came near hacking one of them off at the elbow.

Mike had to retreat, and so did the drummer. Mrs. Drusie led her bunch out at the far end of the bar, and her axe went *wham* against the spigot of a whiskey barrel. The whiskey started gurgling out on the floor.

There was too much going on, right then, for anybody to see it all. But I was up on the shoe shine stand, and I saw Luke Brister come to his feet all of a sudden, like a man waking up startled. He was a good six feet two, and powerful enough, and he had a voice like a bull. He shook the hair out of his eye, and saw the whiskey running out of the barrel. He shouted, "Hallelul-ya!" and went toward it, breaking right through the line of women like they weren't there.

He was singing when he stretched out on the floor. You could hear Luke, all right, in spite of all the noise. He was singing what he always sang—Rye Whiskey.

I eat when I'm hungry,
I drink when I'm dry,
And if I don't get rye whiskey,
I surely will die!

Mrs. Drusie stopped, then, looking at Luke with a mighty plain contempt. She said, "Disgusting! Positively revolting!" And the others said so, too—they said the same thing. They all did what Mrs. Drusie Bent did, and said what she said, every time.

I remember thinking maybe the women were right, because Mike Cairns had to take Luke by the collar and yank him out from under the barrel to keep him from strangling. But I thought, too, that what Mrs. Drusie and the other women had done wasn't quite lady-like, either. Mrs. Wylie and Mrs. Baker had cornered their husbands at the back wall. Mrs. Wylie was boxing Bart's ears, and Mrs. Baker had Ogle by the hair, pulling him toward the door.

THINGS quieted down all at once. Mike Cairns said, like a man choking: "Now! Now, you get out of here! You get out before I—" and then he really did choke.

"Hah!" exclaimed Mrs. Drusie. "*We* get out! Did you hear that, girls?"

"*We*, get out, indeed!" they said.

"This is just a warning to you, *Mister* Cairns!" Mrs. Drusie went on. It sounded like her tongue was sprinkling acid on every word. "*You'll* be the one to get out. We don't want your kind of man in Tailholt. We don't intend to have the Demon Rum stealing bread from the mouths of our children. This is going to be a decent town to live in, if we have to smash your dirty saloon every day! Come on, girls!"

She brandished the axe, and marched for the door. She saw me, and said, "The very idea! A child—in the place! Willie Simons, I'll speak to your mother—I'll give her a piece of my mind! If she won't take you out of here, the law will!"

She hacked two slats out of a swinging door when she went out. By the time the other women were all on the sidewalk, you could have jumped a herd of sheep through those doors.

They marched up the street toward Mrs. Drusie's home. It was getting dark outside. Mike Cairns turned on the lights. The women were singing "For Mollie and the Baby, Don't You Know."

Mike Cairns just stood back of the bar and kicked broken glass around, not saying a word. But his face was a mighty white, and his eyes were a black-blue. The drummer came out of a corner, straightening his tie, and said, "Can you make another Martini like that?"

"Hell, yes," Mike said. He stuck a cigar in the corner of his mouth and chewed it cold, which was a good sign he was mad. He began putting a little of everything into a glass again.

He set this in front of the drummer, and the drummer shoved four-bits across the bar.

The drummer said, "Drink it yourself, damn you—I think you poisoned me!"

BART Wylie and Ogle Baker had gone, and the domino game was broken up. Ed Chapman began picking the dominoes off the floor, and I got a broom and started to sweep up the broken glass. Mike Cairns said, "Never mind, son. It'll take more than that."

Ed began cursing the women. "That Drusie Bent!" he swore. "You got a license, Mike—she ain't got any right to pull this kind of trick! Why don't you go to court? Make her pay?"

Ed wasn't blaming anybody but Mrs. Drusie Bent. You see, it was like that, those days, in the town that was called Tailholt. That was a long time ago, and since then they have changed the name. To Bentville.

I reckon Mike Cairns didn't hear the name. He said, slowly: "If she was a man . . . who is she, anyhow?"

"Why," Ed said, surprised, "She's J.K.'s wife—she married J. K. Bent. You know. He runs the bank, and owns the general store and the wagon yard. Why, he owns this building! You know him!"

"Oh," said Mike. You could see he understood a lot, all at once. Because J. K. was a little, pinch-faced man who wore glasses and hardly ever raised his voice. J. K. was the kind who would have had to keep one elbow up and go around dodging, if Mrs. Drusie hadn't married him. She had money, and a man with money doesn't have to duck or ward off blows.

"Make her pay," Ed said.

Mike Cairns shook his head. He was a Scotch-Irishman, and it was funny how he could be either half of that. In a fight—with a man, of course—he was all Irish. When it came to business matters, he could *(Continued on page 56)*

"So he said if I wouldn't return his affection, I might at least return his presents."

"Sorry I can't let you, Mr. Smith. It's *my* job!"

". . . and the next thing I knew, my wallet was gone."

"I was never so rushed in my life!"

"If he finds out somebody's used his razor he'll be *very* mad!"

PHOTOS BY MURRAY KORMAN

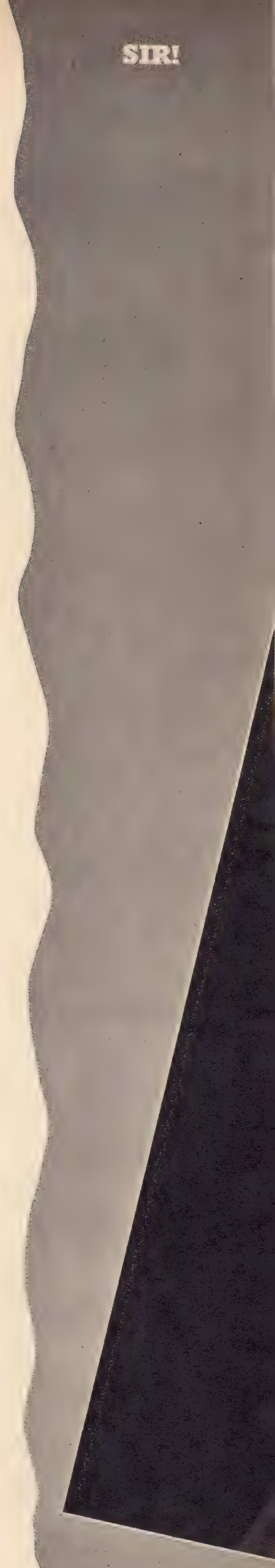
Nancy Clark

BOSTON'S CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICAN GLAMOUR

HAVING heard that it frequently took a rather long time to establish oneself on the stage, I firmly decided to become a model, so that there would be no question of "running out of funds" and having to leave New York before I had the opportunity to display my talents on the stage.

To become recognized as a model is not as long a task as that of being recognized as an actress—but it is none the less difficult.

Having failed several times to join the ranks of the Harry Conover agency, I finally succeeded, after Mr. Conover discovered my picture on the cover of "Cosmopolitan" and felt that I was then worthy of *(Continued on page 49)*



Flying and bravery come easy to El Senor Capitan Alejandro Gonzales de Lopez y Vega of the Puerto Necio air force

STRICTLY HEROIC

by RALPH MILLER

EL SEÑOR Capitan Alejandro Gonzales Jesus de Lopez y Vega, commander of the air force of Puerto Necio, stood alongside the sleek fuselage of a pursuit plane and trembled with pure fright.

Chui, the nickname by which the young officer was known by his compadres in the Puerto Necian army and which his American acquaintances always mistook for "Chewy," looked at the wind sock which stirred faintly at its mooring over the operations office of the largest pilot training school of the United States.

"It is a bad day for flying, no?" he asked hopefully of the American soldier who had been detailed as his mechanic.

The grease monkey squinted at the cloudless Texas sky and at the gently billowing windsock. He decided the captain was joking.

"It looks like a swell day to me, sir," the soldier said.

"There is not much of the wind. Should not there be more?" Chui ventured.

"Begging the captain's pardon, sir, but the captain must be thinking of flying a kite."

Captain Lopez looked disappointed. He stepped closer to the powerful fighter and tentatively touched one of the wings.

"If the captain is ready to take off—"

The mechanic left the rest of the sentence dangling. Chui shrugged the shoulders inside the tunic of his new uniform, crossed himself and climbed into the single cockpit of the ship. He looked enviously at the flying cadets who were getting into dual-controlled training planes under the watchful eyes of instructors.

It was the first time Capitan Lopez y Vega had been in an airplane in his life.

WHEN the government of the United States invited the Latin republics to send their aviation officers as observers to the American army, Chui, as motorcycle courier, had been the total mechanized strength of the army of the little banana republic. But if the great United States invited the army of Puerto Necio to send to America its chief of aviation, then honor demanded that the little Latin country have a chief of aviation to send. El presidente had summoned Chui to the government palace.

"Courier of the Motorcycle Alejandro Gonzales Jesus de Lopez y Vega, your country is about to do you great honor," el Presidente said.

Chui clicked his polished heels and bowed. Now his girl friend, Angelita, would listen to his songs in the moonlight instead of dreaming of the army's machinegun corporal.

"The army of your country is about to promote you in recognition of your fine service," the chief executive continued. Chui noted proudly that el Presidente was using the voice with which he opened the cockfights.

"Is the army perhaps going to make me corporal?" Chui asked hopefully.

"Corporal, bah," el Presidente shouted.

"Perhaps sergeant," Chui said breathlessly. Angelita would be dazzled.

"The army of your country has decided to make you capitan," el Presidente announced. "Your record as a brave and worthy soldier has made any other rank beneath you—"

Newly promoted Capitan Lopez y Vega wasn't listening, but a glass of tequila soon revived him enough for him to hear the end of el Presidente's speech.

"Capitan Lopez y Vega, your country hereby appoints you chief of aviation for its great army." El Presidente pinned the insignia of the new rank on Chui's tunic.

"Gracias, a thousand times gracias, Señor Presidente," Chui stammered as he backed out of the office. Angelita must be told of the new position.

But Chui did not hurry toward her home. He needed time to rehearse what he would say. Perhaps he should rush to her arms and tell her he was now worthy of her. No, better that he should be aloof as befitted his new rank. She had scorned him for a corporal. Now he would frown upon her as a woman who would associate with such low persons. Not, of course, that he would scorn her for long.

Outside her home the newest officer of the Puerto Necian army smoothed his uniform before he knocked. It was Angelita who opened the door.

"Oh, it is only you," she sighed, "I thought perhaps it was someone more important."

Chui's heart did rhumba steps, but he managed to work his face into his version of an aloof officer of the army.

"Señorita Guerra," he said in his most formal manner, "you are speaking to an officer of the army of your country. Be more respectful as befits the rank of el Señor Capitan Alejandro Gonzales Jesus de Lopez y Vega." He bowed stiffly.

"You make such bad jokes, Chui," Angelita pouted her carmine mouth. "Corporal Ramos knows better how to charm a lady."

"Señorita, I do not make jokes, and I will have that machinegun corporal shot. See, here is the insignia of my new rank."

"Chui, you are the one who will be shot for wearing the ornaments of an officer," Angelita wailed, this time with real concern in her voice.

"El Presidente, himself, pinned upon my shoulders these emblems," he retorted. "Not an hour ago he made me capitan." Chui drew himself up to his best height and announced, "I am chief of the air force of Puerto Necio."

"Puerto Necio has no airplanes," Angelita said, still doubtfully.

"Our great country will get some," the new chief of air force promised with a gesture which dismissed the argument.

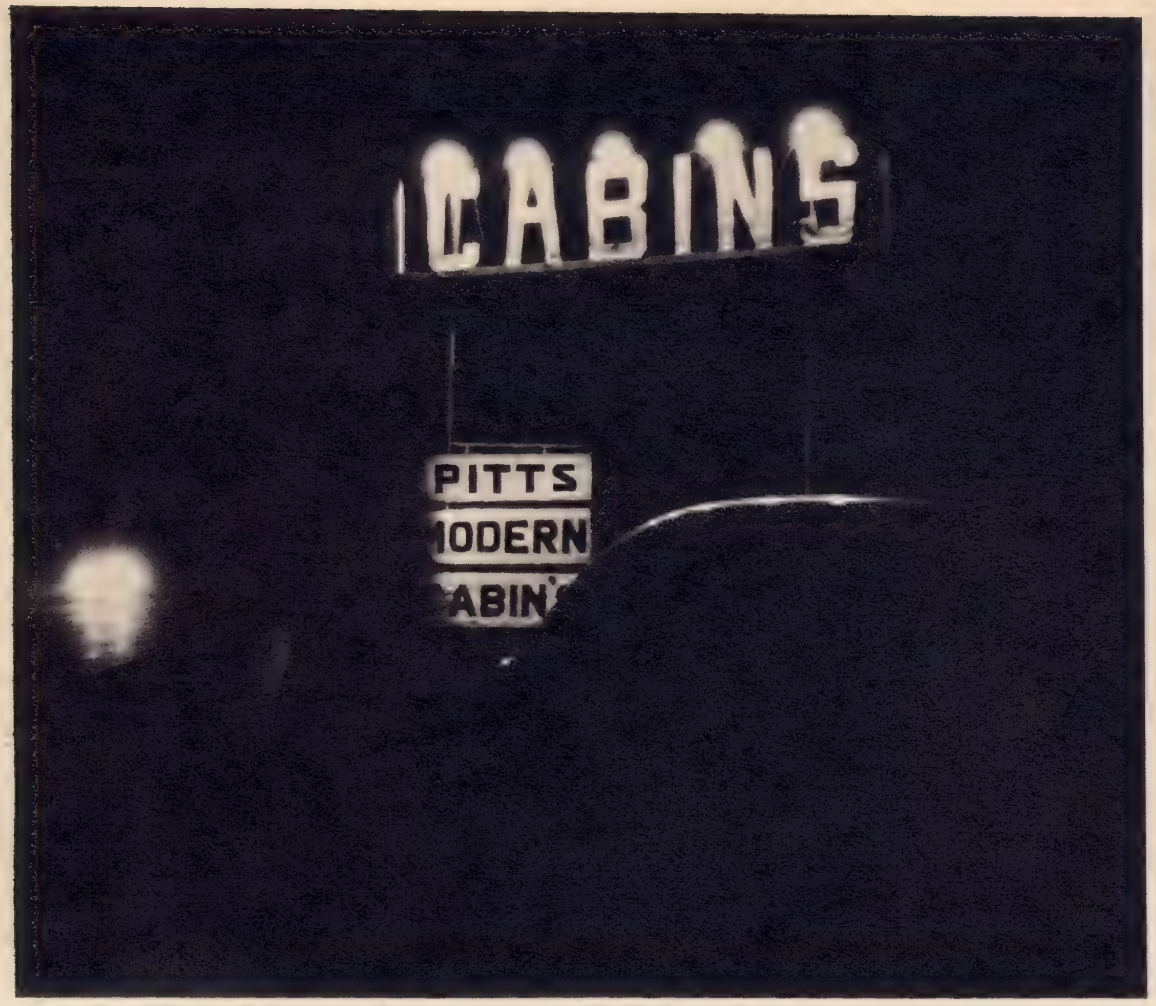
"But, Chui, you cannot fly," the girl complained.

"I can ride the motorcycle. It is the same," Captain Lopez said *(Continued on page 64)*

"Gee, darling—you mean this is the first time you've ever been kissed?"

"So what? So we'll pull off *yours* and see how *you* like it!"

"I washed them the other day, now I can't do a thing with them!"



Instead of the Neon sign, "Cabins," facing the incoming traffic on the west side of the highway, it glared into the faces of outbound motorists. Travellers don't usually start trips at night, so that this sign was merely a come-on for the hit and run trade, not for regular tourists.

PHOTO BY PITTSBURGH BULLETIN-INDEX

EXPOSING THE VICE CONDITIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA'S ROADSIDE CABINS

by HASKELL COHEN

These cabins are more than beds of immorality—they are actual fifth columns in the making.

MOTORISTS entering the smoky confines of Pittsburgh a few months ago were annoyed to find the city's major hotels closed as a result of a strike. Under ordinary circumstances such a state of affairs wouldn't cause too much hardship on the itinerant. The highways outside big cities are just dotted with cabins so that at the most only a few more miles of driving are necessary before lodging can be secured. However, Pittsburgh's outlying cabins presented a problem. In a majority of cases motorists—married men and women with luggage—were turned down. It seemed incredible, more so, when it appeared that most of the cabins were not rented.

This refusal of cabins to honest, respectable citizens is an old story, a story of vice, licentiousness, and immorality. What is more, it is a story that is repeated night after night in those states that do not have strong legislation governing the operation of tourist cabins. The West, Southwest, and scattered parts of the South have camps that for sheer respectability and comfort rate with the finest hotels. But such states as Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Mississippi, Florida, Maryland and the District of Columbia have seen their cabins blossom and prosper as houses of ill repute.

Since these shanties are generally situated outside of city limits they seldom come under any law enforcement agencies. So long as they adhere to the minimum health laws they are given a clean slate. The proprietors apparently unmindful of what goes on inside their cabins, maintain they are not judges and keepers of public morals. It is not their duty to check up on the background of guests. Their attitude was aptly described to a reporter by one owner as "What the hell, the money is there. I might as well get it."

There is no denying that these eyesores are "getting it." Situated on land that is virtually tax free, built of cheap materials, and charging the same rent for an hour or night as do most hotels in the cities, the cabin business is flourishing. Owners supplying the bare necessities, in twelve foot cabins, only lay out a mere $200.00 per shack. The original investment is quickly realized and the profits are reaped for years to come, or until the shoddy structures finally collapse or are driven out of business by law.

WHEN the Pittsburgh hotel strike was at its peak, an enterprising photographer, Robert Purdy, together with reporter friends on the Bulletin-Index, decided to learn about the nearby cabin situation. Working for a month, checking license plate numbers of cars parked at cabins on the Lincoln Highway, Perry Highway, and Steubenville Pike revealed some very interesting facts. For instance in one spot they found that out of twenty licenses, sixteen belonged in Allegheny County, two from a county thirty miles removed and the other two from out of the state. Out of an overall check of one hundred cars, seventy-five proved to be practically neighbors of the proprietors. One fellow lived but five miles from the cabin he visited, while at another camp the ten occupants proved to be residents of the district. A check on a legitimate and orderly row of cabins revealed that all but two of the automobiles were from out of the state. Of the other two, one belonged to the owner and the second machine came from up state. There is little doubt but that well conducted cabins of this type suffer from the wrong doings of the sinful shacks.

Purdy and his reporter associates decided to see how these cabin owners worked with their customers, so one night they set out on their investigation. The particular set of shacks they selected was located on the merry highway about fifteen miles from Pittsburgh. It was simple to see at a glance that the place was little more than a row of bawdy houses. Instead of the neon sign, "Modern Cabins," facing the incoming traffic on the west side of the highway it glared into the faces of out bound motorists. Travelers don't start trips under regular circumstances at night, and motorists would ordinarily stop on the other side of the city, so that this neon sign was merely a come-on sign for the hit and run trade. Cabins, like gasoline stations, are situated strategically so that they get the most out of their location. In this case the cabins were not laid out for incoming trade, but nevertheless they were doing a booming business when Purdy drove up.

Purdy says: The reporters and I had this camp under observation for a full hour before driving up to the office. In that time the turnover proved to be very brisk. Three cars rolled into the lot, each with a man and woman. In twenty minutes one auto left and in an hour the other two were gone. After they checked out the attendant rushed into the vacated shacks to change the linens and clean up the house for the next "tourists." Whistling through his teeth as he approached me with a "Hi, Bud," the attendant remarked: "I know that last guy, comes in regularly.

"Since we were new customers the boy had to be tactful and shrewd. He was not in the habit of giving out cabins too hastily to newcomers.

PEERING into the car he inquired pleasantly, "Looking for a cabin?"

Before I could answer he asked querulously, "Three guys and a gal, eh? O.K. One cabin or two?"

He was still playing it safe, so I got out of the car and drew him aside. "How will it be," I asked him, "if I leave the couple in the back seat here for about twenty minutes? Give them a cabin and I'll be back shortly to pick them up." He had no doubt then about our intentions. (The couple in the back seat was a reporter and his wife.)

After a moment of reflection the attendant said, "Sure, why not? That'll be a buck a head. But you'll have to get them to sign this card here as Mr. and Mrs. We don't allow people to check in without signing up that way. Take the cabin

on the end." The attendant just took it for granted that the couple were not married and merely wanted to rent the cabin for illicit purposes.

Assuring the attendant that he would return in twenty minutes for the couple, Purdy drove away. When he returned the attendant bounced out of the office and jumped on the car some distance from the rented cabin and refused to let the driver get to the cabin. "You see," he explained, "you'll have to wait here while I go down and tell them you're back. You know, sometimes a guy will bring his girl here and a little later his pals come back and try to join the party. That means trouble. So you had better stay here."

So saying, he went down to the cabin and knocked on the door. "Hey," he shouted, "your pals are back." When the couple rejoined Purdy and the other reporter, the attendant bid the departing "tourists" a pleasant good night and added, "Come back anytime." By this time they were recognized as regular patrons who were checked as being okay.

Purdy took him at his word. He returned the following night with another reporter and two women, their wives. "Hi, Bud," was the stereotyped greeting from the same attendant, "see you're back again. Four of you? How about a double cabin?" Purdy turned this down since he had his camera and wanted to pry around the cabins for some select photos.

"Now that you people are old customers," said the youth in charge, "I can let you have two cabins for an hour at $1.25 for each one. Take those two cabins on the end." And therewith he produced the inevitable blank cards with, "Don't forget you'll have to fill these out as Mr. and Mrs." He didn't for one instant think the couples were married. He was so conditioned to renting cabins for immoral purposes that he was beyond assuming any of his customers were married. Albeit, in this particular case Purdy gave him no reason to think otherwise.

PENNSYLVANIA is far from being the only state affected by the cabin menace. Several Southern states, notably Mississippi and Florida, are veritable hotbeds for prostitutes who work in cahoots with cabin owners. Now that several army camps have been established in the South, army officials have been forced to take cognizance of the vice situation in roadside shacks. One prostitute cabin chain has been broken up near Ft. Dix, New Jersey. But others are still in existence near southern army camps.

These hotbeds of commercialized prostitution have taken over the Roadside Cabins in the vicinity of Army camps, lock, stock and barrell. Through them venereal disease is spread to the Army camps of our nation, disabling countless numbers of men, making them unfit for combat service. Unless these cabins are brought within the jurisdiction of the law they will develop into a national blight of fifth column proportions. (See article this issue, ARE SYPHILIS AND GONORRHEA AMERICA'S MOST FORMIDABLE FIFTH COLUMN.)

Southern cabin owners who also run cafes and cabarets employ prostitutes as waitresses. Thus when a soldier comes in for a few drinks he is in a position to be solicited by the waitresses who use the cabins, situated behind the cafes, as brothels.

Purdy in his investigation for the Bulletin-Index found such a set up not far from Pittsburgh. In fact the cabaret and adjoining cabins were not far removed from the one set of shacks that were found to be on the up and up. Purdy reports that the notoriety engendered by this cabaret, waitress-prostitute combination, is reflecting harmfully on the legitimate cabins nearby.

A few years ago the writer and a companion were traveling through the state of Kentucky when nightfall approached. Since the mercury had hovered around the 100 mark all day we deemed it expedient to spend the night in the country. It so happened that we picked a pretty group of cabins outside of Louisville. On the surface they appeared to be clean and well kept. The price was $1.25 for the night. This sum piqued our curiosity, since it was .75c less than the average charge for two people. Evidently there was something wrong with the set up.

By sitting up a few hours in the darkened cabin we counted three couples that drove up, entered the cabin next to us and rode out. Three turnovers in a few hours. Only a terrific lightning storm seemed to prevent the turnover from growing larger.

In the morning we learned how this particular row of cabins worked. It appears that there was a tavern up the road a piece that catered to a fast crowd of jazz maniacs and gin guzzling young couples. The proprietor rents his cabins out to these couples but manages to keep his nose clean at the same time. By keeping four or five cabins open to legitimate trade, he manages to hire his cabins to a few people from out of the state. With out-of-the-state license plates in front of the cabins, no one can take offence and decry the use of the other cabins for immoral purposes. By keeping a meticulous register of names and addresses he assumes the pious mien of a respectable hotel owner.

This method of covering up is a guise used by cabin owners who do not care to tangle with the arms of the law. However, many proprietors do not wish to hide behind a cloak of respectability, in fact they prefer to have their establishments advertised as houses of ill repute. Thus it was not surprising a few nights after the Kentucky incident for us to pull up before a row of beautiful cabins in the state of Mississippi. The man in charge approached the car smilingly, and before he could be asked about the price, informed us that the cabins were not rented by the night. "We only rent these shacks by the hour," he told us, "if you fellows are looking for a place to sleep I suggest you drive into town and check into a hotel. You aren't going to find any cabins around here that cater to overnight trade."

AS a result of these illegitimate camps, numerous honest cabins are viewed with distrust by prospective customers. A business that can be of great assistance to motorists of moderate means is being sullied. Attempts have been made to clean these hell spots up, but they have been very weak thus far. For example, several Pennsylvania State Senators have tried to adopt legislation that would curb their wild activities. But thus far they have been ineffectual. It seems that the help of the hotels is required and this aid is not forthcoming. Hotelmen are loath to admit that cabins are competition and therefore refuse to put political pressure to bear.

The solution to the problem is fairly easy. Place the cabins under the jurisdiction of the various State Motor Police departments or under the Health Departments. But since the general public is apathetic, this condition will continue until a nice, juicy scandal crops up to rouse them from their lethargy. Meanwhile thousands of America's teen aged youngsters are encouraged to go astray in these dens of shame. With war time restrictions curtailing extensive traveling, and army camps mushrooming all over the country, it is easy to see what may become of the numerous cabins, dotting the country's landscape, if the authorities do not step in.

"An engagement ring! Say, what's the big idea!"

LOVE VENGEANCE *of the* ZULUS

Tim Henry didn't think he'd ever thank any man for beating him to a date

BY THEODORE J. WALDECK

(Leader of the expedition to find Redfern)

I HAD no intention to eavesdrop.

I was sitting lazily with my back against a waterboom trunk, my boots on the bank beside me, my bare feet dangling in the water. Boots and heavy socks and the tropical heat had caused my feet to swell, and bathing them in the cool dark pool was a luxury I was enjoying to the fullest.

When I heard a slight rustle in the trail behind me, I turned—and stared.

It was a native Zulu girl from the village of Chief Kuruni, a quarter-mile from my camp—a girl of such budding beauty and shapely allure that she was a pleasure to watch. Screened as I was by the tree and a fringe of ferns, I gazed at her knowing that she could not see me.

The Zulus are unquestionably the most handsome of all African tribes, and Zulu women are famous for their natural grace and excellent figures. Yet this girl, in her dark nudity, was the most striking I had ever seen.

She could not have been more than 14, but true to the tropics she was fully matured. Her dusky flesh was covered with a cloth woven of brightly colored native fabrics, which draped from her rounded shoulders and clung as an embrace about her slender waist. Long, slender legs, that could have graced the advertisement of any silk stocking manufacturer tapered down to tiny bared feet. She balanced a clay vessel on her head as she moved down the path toward the water-hole.

But there was another quality about this dusky-skinned beauty that was at once apparent. She was a thorough-going coquette, a born temptress—a girl fully aware of her charms and ready to use them on all comers. So much a part of her was this coquetry that she could not drop it even here where she thought herself alone. It was visible in the sultry glint in her eyes, the proud erectness of her carriage, and in the voluptuous sidewise flirt—almost a swagger—of her rounded hips as she walked.

This child of the tropics had an abundance of that characteristic which civilization has labeled "sex appeal."

"Here," I said to myself, "is a young Zulu hussy."

Had I known then the trouble and tragedy this high-spirited black trollop was to cause, I would have gazed at her with more than mere curiosity. . . .

THERE came the snapping of a twig from the far side of the trail, and the girl and I heard it simultaneously. Out from a bamboo thicket stepped a man—a white man of about twenty-five.

He was a handsome, slit-eyed, rakish-mustached fellow of a type seen occasionally all over the world—and feared by husbands everywhere. I knew him well. I ought to, for he was my cameraman, Tim Henry, a roystering devil with the women. His real name was neither Tim nor Henry, but he shall be known thus here lest he read this account and suffer embarrassment at a revelation of his indiscreet past which, as far as he is concerned, would doubtless be better left untold.

Tim was grinning so that his white teeth shone against his sun-bronzed countenance, but there was a light in his narrowed eyes that could not be mistaken. Clearly, he had stalked this maiden as a hunter stalks his prey, and now he was closing in for the kill.

"Hello, pretty girl," he said casually in Swahili as he advanced along the path. "How is my Bimini today?"

The dusky beauty started in a clever pretense at fright.

"*Bwana!*" she giggled, setting down her clay jug. "*Bwana—fanya hafu!* You frightened me!"

Tim Henry was not the fear of husbands the world over for no reason. He knew the ways of women and their pretenses and moods. He knew that women from one corner of the earth to the other are the same; that their acts and their actions are always the same. Just as the college girl in the car parked at the edge of a lake always says "No" as a natural preliminary to an innocent hour of pitching woo, so did Bimini shake her head in surprised negation as Tim Henry's arms slid about her waist and drew her soft lips closer to his. Through the opening in the ferns I could see the dusky temptress go through the obvious first stages of her performance.

From my vantage point I looked on, half amused, half annoyed. It was no business of mine that Tim Henry, in his romance-studded career, had known and loved women of many races and colors. But how he behaved himself on my expedition was a prime concern. We had come to Zululand, in southern Rhodesia, to hunt big game and take moving pictures of wild animals in their native habitat. As leader of the venture, I felt responsible for the safety of all members of my party. And to dally with a Zulu girl, I knew, was to deliberately court danger.

Women who are generous with their charms can cause trouble enough in the midst of civilization; but in the boiling tropical expanse of Zululand their menace is tenfold greater. For the proud Zulu warriors, though honest and friendly, are intensely jealous of their women, and their vengeance on interlopers is the most fiendish that the savage mind can devise.

Our expedition had come within an ace of serious trouble only a fortnight before, when we were camped some thirty miles westward. My Zulu gun bearer, a gigantic and powerful young black from Bulawayo named Uzimi, had become embroiled with one of the women in a village near our camp, and we had been forced to decamp before the natives took action.

These thoughts passed through my mind as I saw Tim Henry and the girl through the opening in the ferns. The love-wise wench allowed him his minor triumph, a hasty kiss, then with a lithe movement, so quick as to almost elude the eye, she slipped out of his easy grasp and danced away a few paces. She laughed at him, with her lips as well as her eyes.

"*Enda zako!*" she cried. "Go away! My husband is a great chief and his anger is terrible. Go away, white *bwana!*"

Tim Henry thought she was only teasing him, and that in a moment she would be in his arms again. He tried to grasp her, but the dark skinned Jezebel, quick as a flash eluded him with ease. The young savage-girl stood at her safe distance, and laughed aloud at this Lothario, the man who had so easily conquered the caresses of innumerable civilized women. There was an expression of almost comical eagerness on his face as he strove to reach the agile girl.

Her coquettish smile, that hid her dark laughter and her scorn of this man, suddenly changed to a frown of apprehension.

"Someone comes along the trail," she said in a low voice. "Go away—I am afraid. But *bwana*, come see me tonight at my Kraal. Be there at the time the moon rises. I will be waiting for you." the sneer on the girl's face belied her words.

HENRY, thwarted for the moment, caught the promise in her flashing smile. Grinning broadly, he whispered, "I'll be there, Bimini!" and vanished into the thicket.

Then this young Zulu wanton filled her jug as if nothing had happened, calmly greeted another native woman who came up with a similar jug, and walked with her back to the village.

Thoughtfully I donned my boots and strolled back to camp. Last time it had been Uzimi, the black scoundrel, who had got us in trouble. He had been lucky to escape with his life that time, and I had scolded him so roundly that I expected no more transgression from him. But now, this madcap Henry, and that girl Bimini. . . .

Henry intended to meet the girl at moonrise, which would be a few minutes before eleven. Well, I would forestall that!

At ten o'clock I was in my tent-house sorting out films when I heard the swish of the tent-flap next door—Henry's tent.

I nodded. That would be Henry coming in to preen himself for his night's affair. It was only a ten-minute walk from our camp to the Zulu village, so I calculated that Tim would not leave until 10:30 at the earliest.

A few minutes later I finished my work and strolled over to his tent to talk with him. The lighted lamp inside cast a glow through the canvas, and I tapped at the center post and walked in.

The tent was empty!

In an instant I realized my error. The woman-crazy Henry had been unable to await the appointed time. Doubtless possessed with the thought of the soft sinuous charms of the girl, and the undisguised meaning in her glance when he left her at the water-hole, he had sneaked off to the village a full half-hour in advance.

Filled with consternation, I dashed out of the tent and across the starlit veldt toward the village. I knew nothing of Kubwa, whom Bimini had named as her husband, for I had had dealings only with Kuruni, elderly leader of the Zulus. Kubwa must be a lesser chief—but if the beauty of Bimini was an indication, any dallying with her would be a venture fraught with the most terrible peril. A dead cameraman was of no use to me. Too, despite Tim Henry's wayward amours, I liked the lad and was seriously concerned about his safety. And I wanted to keep on good terms with Kuruni, who supplied me with milk and meat for the expedition.

Cursing Henry under my breath, I ran cautiously through the knee-high veldt grass, still not knowing what I would do when I reached the village. If the hare-brained fellow had already succeeded in gaining entrance to the kraal of Bimini, what then?

At that moment I heard heavy footfalls coming toward me. Ahead, against the silvery glow of starlight on dry grass, I descried the figure of a man.

I stopped short and stared. Yes—it was Tim Henry! And he was heading back toward his tent! Why? What had happened?

The man's expression, when he came closer, answered my unspoken question. He saw me—and started in guilty surprise.

"Hello," he growled savagely, and without another word stalked on toward camp. In his scowl, in his tone, in his very walk I could read the rage of a man who has seen a lovely prize snared away from beneath his eyes. He had counted on an evening with Bimini. Something had happened to thwart him. . . .

I could not suppress a *(Continued on page 60)*

"The Hussy! She ought to be ashamed . . . dressing that way in public!"

QUIET!

CARTOONIST AT WORK!

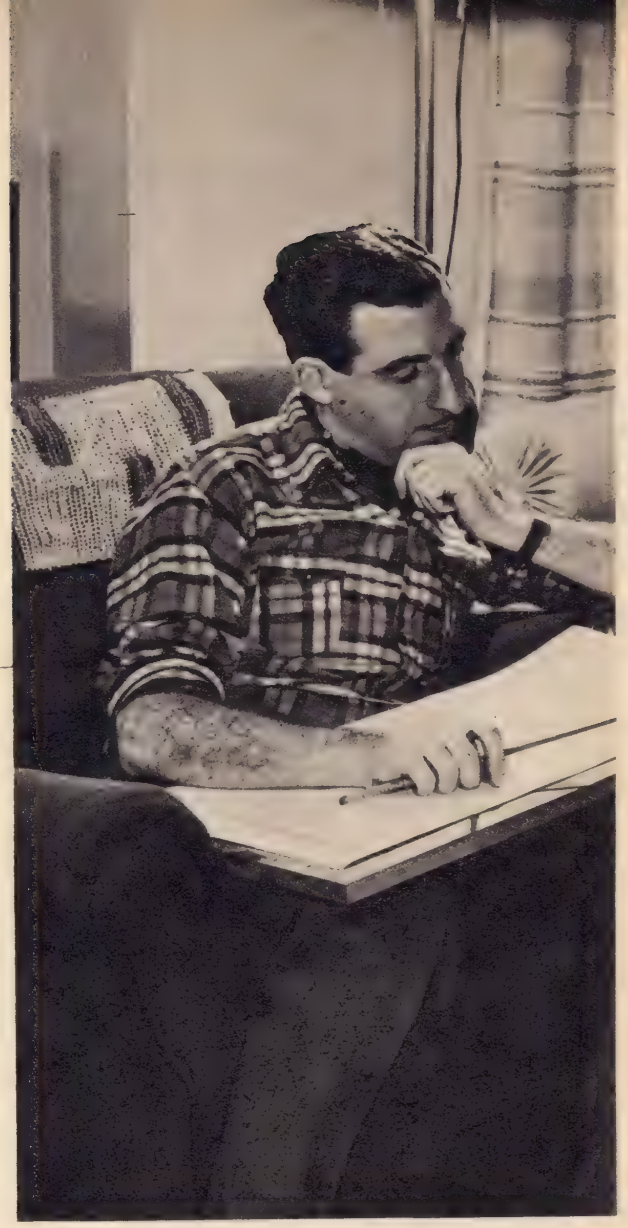
"I TOLD THE CRUISE DIRECTOR 'NO' — BUT HE SAID IT WAS ~~NOT~~ PART OF MY ALL-INCLUSIVE TOUR."

When an editor puts his okay on a cartoonist's rough drawing, his end of the job is finished. Until the completed drawing comes in, at which time he surveys the drawing and tells the cartoonist either "Aye" or "Nay," he's out of the picture.

SIR!, ever on the alert to bring items of interest to its readers, decided to go further than that and take the readers back of the scenes; show them what happens between the okaying of the rough and the presentation of the finished art work.

Lately there has been a trend away from slapstick, unreal humor. Cartoonists have started selling cartoons that are not necessarily humorous in the drawing, but humorous in the situation. The growing popularity of this type of cartoon is proof that the public wants realistic drawing and funny situations rather than mere slapstick drawing. Some of the leading exponents of this illustrative type of cartoon are Louis Priscilla, Lucien, Mike Berry and William Von Reigan.

SIR! takes you behind the scenes with Mike Berry and Patricia Joyce, showgirl and model, to show how a cartoon is drawn.



The artist, Mike Berry, has a rough okayed. work by her model agency, is being queried.

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH

Left . . . the cartoon idea-rough, okayed by the editor. Bottom row, left . . . the model removes her outer garments while the artist mixes his paints. Center . . . the model's undergarment is the costume desired. She strips down to it. Below . . . Patricia Joyce assumes her first pose.

He interviews models until he secures the proper type. Patricia Joyce, notified of possible Note the large hat box, trade mark of the professional photographer's and artist's model.

"You'll do," says the artist. "This first job calls for a girl in black underwear."

MIKE BERRY, CARTOONIST, AND PATRICIA JOYCE, SHOWGIRL AND MODEL

"Not quite right," says the artist. "I want a little of this easy feeling to the pose."

The model assumes another position for the artist to make a rapid charcoal sketch.

The model assumes still another pose with the aid of one of the artist's many props.

QUIET!

CARTOONIST AT WORK!

Left . . . the model plays w
her rest period. The usual
utes with a five minute res
Above and below . . . more
sketch. The average model
five dollars for each hour
poses are filed, and are later
of new roughs. Right . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROY PINNEY

h the paints during
se lasts fifteen min-
between each pose.
oses for the artist to
ceives from three to
work. The extra
ised in the creation
ne finished cartoon.

"I told the cruise director it wasn't necessary, but he said it was part of my 'All inclusive tour'."

"And I'll bet if you ask him, he'd say he was window shopping."

"If our family doctor was like him it would be a pleasure to be sick!"

"Why, Mr. Morganthaler, I haven't been so insulted since last night!"

"I think I'll go home—where did you say you lived?"

BADMINTON:

THE SHUTTLE BUSTERS

America's Fastest Growing Army of Indoor Athletes

GATHERING disciples from every sport in the nation, Badminton today is America's fasting growing indoor sport.

Athletes of Canada, Mexico and the United States have taken to the game. In these countries the montage of athletes from other sports who play badminton claim they have found to be one of the greatest conditioners. Bobbie Riggs and Don Budge play in their off season. Charley Gheringer is an excellent singles player. William A. Giblin, who several years ago was Rutgers University's immortal track star, is a confirmed badminton bug, and Don DeLaur, Little All-American Basketball star two years ago also keeps in shape by banging the bird. There are hundreds of other athletes in sports from football to table tennis who find a common interest in playing this, the toughest of all court games.

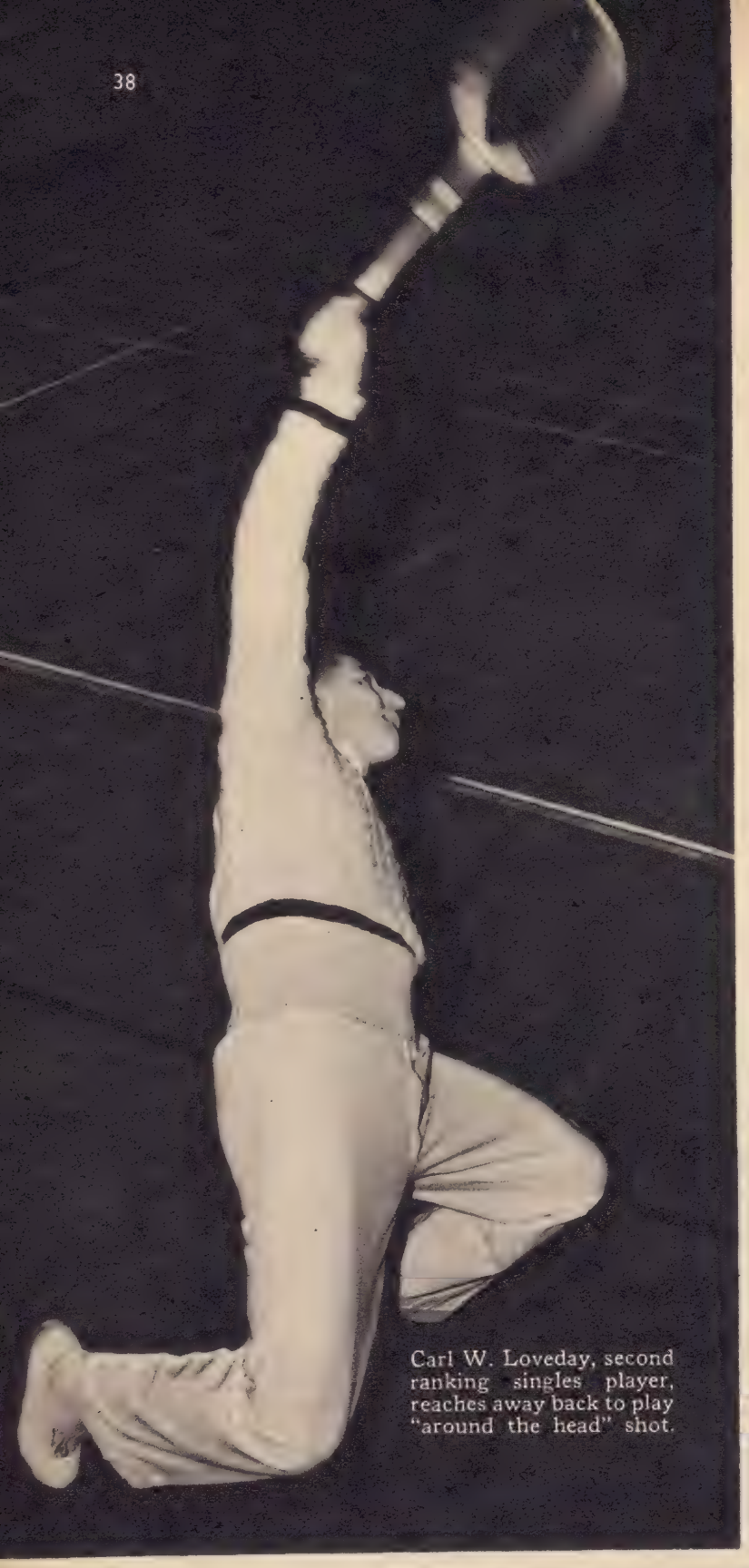
Don't be discouraged if you aren't the rugged type, because badminton can be played for fun, exercise, and enjoyment by anyone. Thousands of racquet wielders play in their back yards, join small clubs and Y.M.C.A.'s, or even go so far as to organize and build their own badminton buildings.

Key note of badminton's popularity today, is the game's flexibility. It can be the toughest or the easiest exercise, depending entirely on the abilities of the players

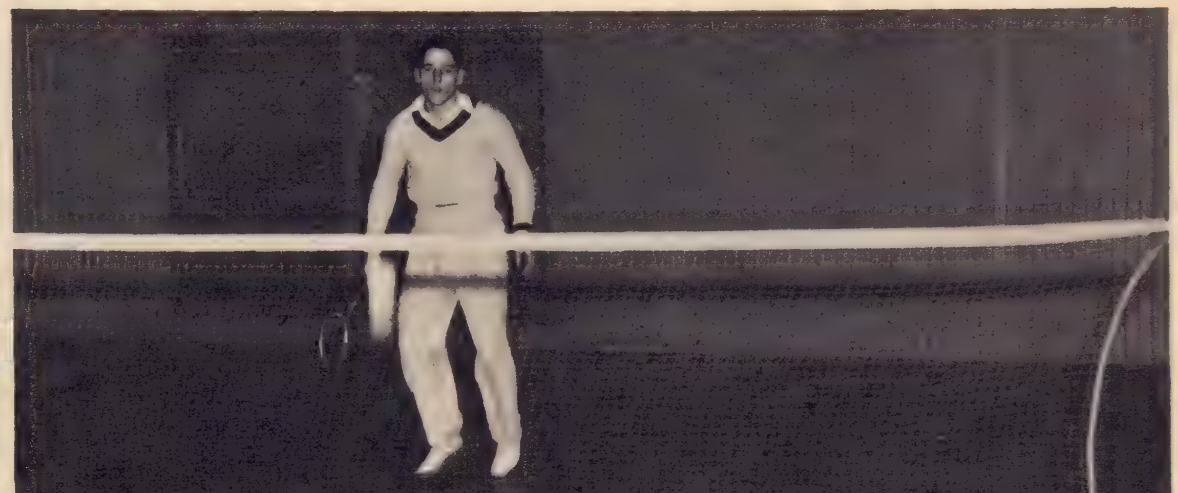
Top notch competitive badminton demands the utmost in court coverage, the ability to smash the bird time after time, a touch as delicate as a surgeon's, and perfect reflexes. Speed, strategy, deception, and a quick mind all help to make a badminton champion. But none of these requirements hold up without excellent physical condition.

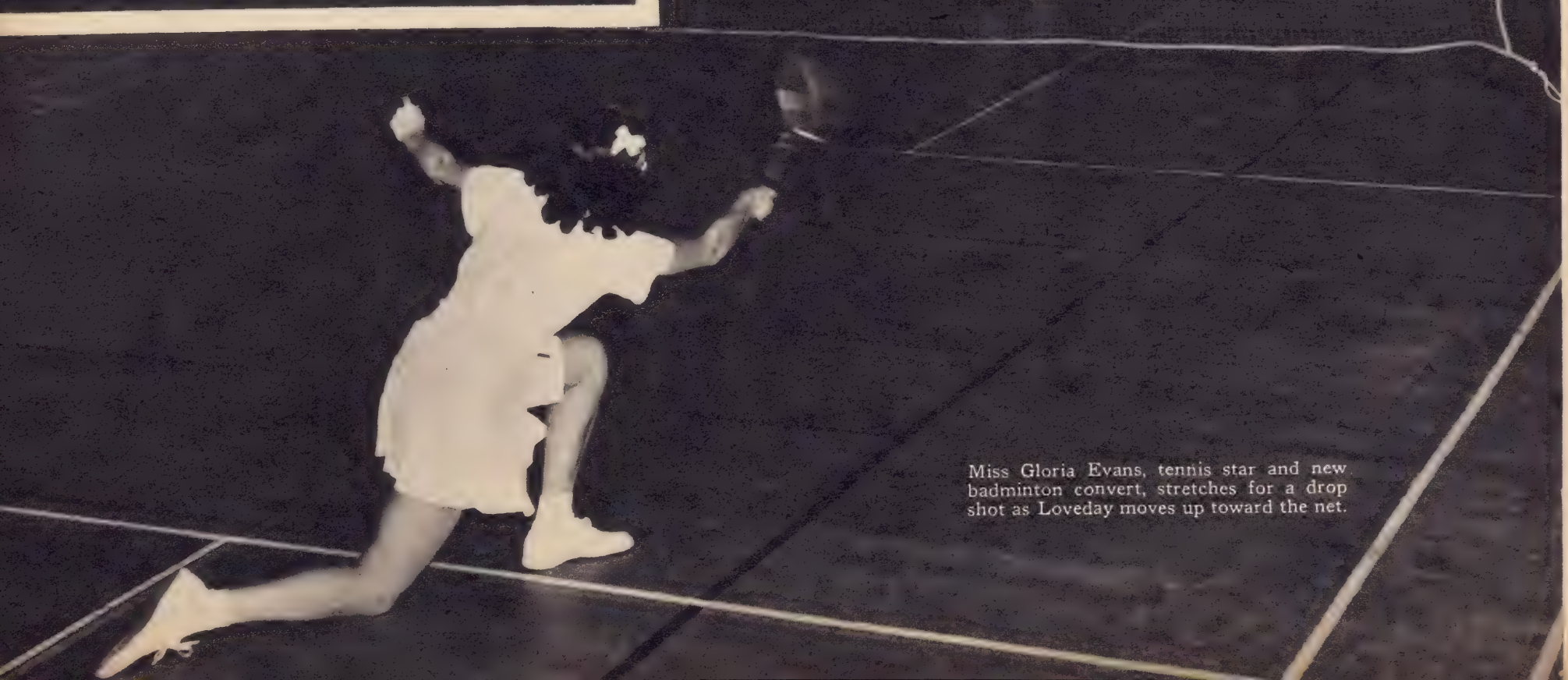
On the other hand, just to have fun, anyone with two racquets weighing about 5 ounces apiece, a net five feet high, a court 17 feet wide by 24 feet in length, and a shuttle cock with 16 goose feathers stuck in a small piece of kid covered cork (total weight 75 to 100 grams), can step out on the court, run off a couple of pounds while having a swell time, and still not be laid up with a charley horse the next day.

The pictures illustrate two champions and a future champion practicing at the Montclair Athletic Club in Montclair, N. J.



Carl W. Loveday, second ranking singles player, reaches away back to play "around the head" shot.



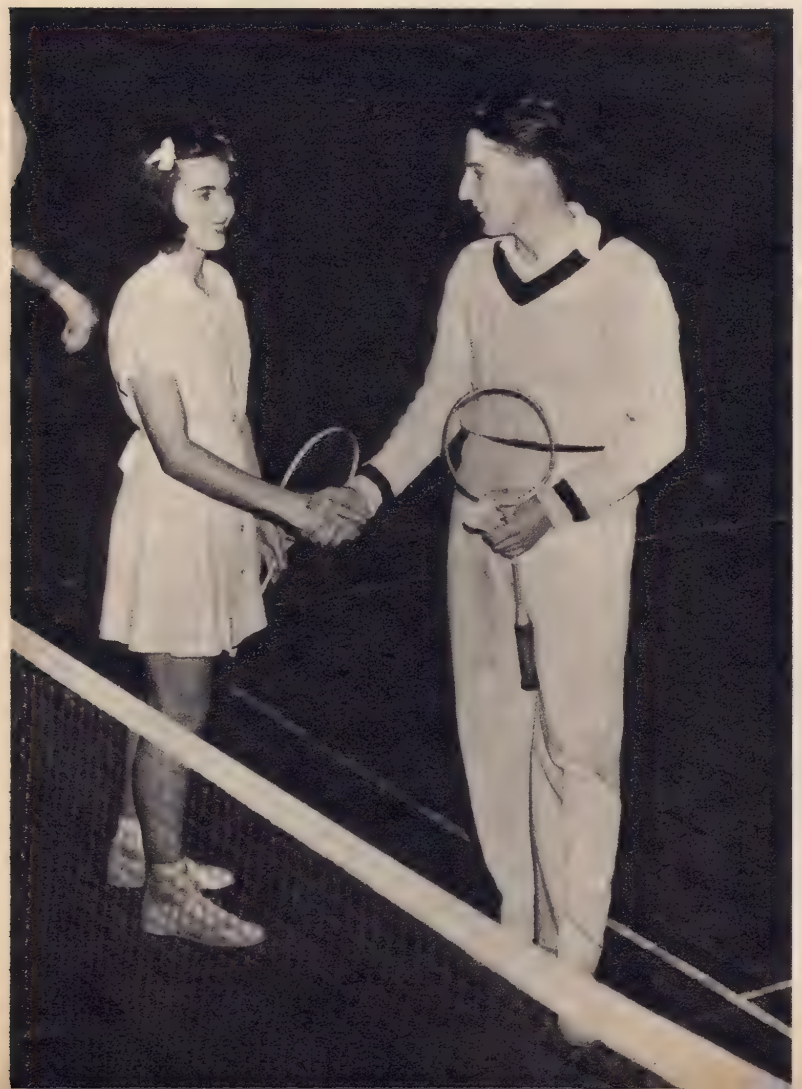


Miss Gloria Evans, tennis star and new badminton convert, stretches for a drop shot as Loveday moves up toward the net.

Carl Loveday is shown blasting a forehand shot. Note Loveday's balance and the speed the bird has attained.

Miss Evans shakes hands with Carl after getting a few pointers. Carl holds all the singles titles in the East.

Mary Hagen, Eastern States Women's Singles Champion, goes in the air for a point.

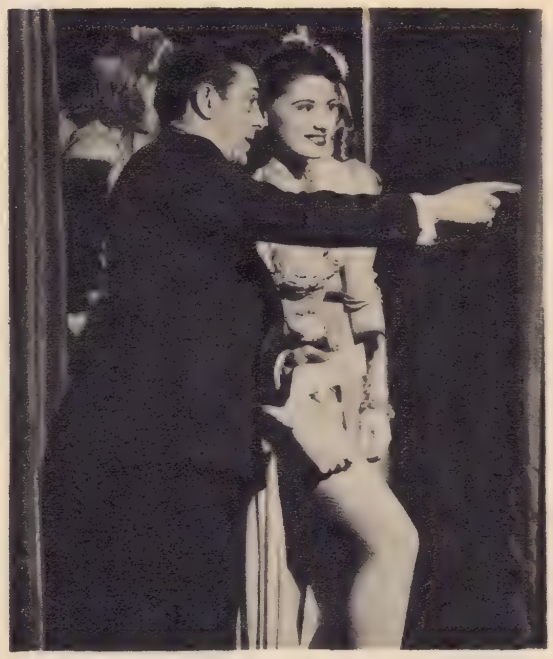


The back hand stroke has been completed. Bird is shown passing over the stripe of Carl's sweater.

"SIR!" REVIEWS THE NATION'S

SIR'S BISTRO'S:

La Martinique, one of New York Town's gayest and most glamourous nighteries is currently giving a show that should please its audience as well as the nation at large. La Martinique's patrons get a show that "Sir!" frankly feels is the best that any night club has to offer, featuring Georgie Price in an impersonation of George M. Cohan as the "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and a line of girls the Martiniqueens, that is at least the sex-appealing equal of any show-line in town. The girls do a hilarious



Georgie Price and Betty Apple backstage viewing the crowded La Martinique floor.

LEFT: Norma Richter and Jerry Lowe don their makeup in their dressing room. LOWER LEFT: Audrey Westphal, lovely La Martiniqueen, goes thru her paces before going on stage in the novelty circus number called "Martinique Parade." BELOW: Jerry Lowe caught by the candid camera as she and the Martiniqueens go through the "Strip for Defense" finale. Just after this number the girls in scant but fetchingly designed attire pass through audience selling Defense stamps and bonds. Georgie Price, erstwhile bond broker, as George M. Cohan, leads them.

LA MARTINIQUE

and eye-appealing number called the "Strip for defense," in which these floor-show queens do a literal take-off, en masse, on the Strip-tease, 14th and 42nd street's favorite form of female entertainment.

The nation gets its break when these Martiniqueens turn their sales appeal toward the audience to sell Defense bonds and stamps. And that these girls have plenty of good points for the breaking down of sales resistance is perfectly obvious from the pictures.

Vera Devine checks her "gams" before stepping into La Martinique's spotlight.

RIGHT: Adele Jergens, lovely beauty and one of the Martiniqueens, is the animal trainer in the circus number. Does she fear lions? No! Does she fear tigers? No! But does she fear *wolves?* Ah-h-h-h!

LOWER RIGHT: Norma Richter angle shot in her dressing room back stage.

BELOW: The gorgeous La Martiniqueens dancing a lovely version of the Samba. Nat Karson staged and directed the elaborate revue which has a stirring patriotic finale associated with the sale of Defense Bonds and Stamps to audience.

"I'm coming back to live with you, mother. The brute wouldn't let me go through his pants pockets."

"Somewhere in the Atlantic there's an island paradise called Manhattan!"

"I keep her too busy to have any time for the men in the office."

"But General, can't you just *tell* me how the soldier champion threw the sailor!"

"Do you think Cary Grant would ask a girl out for a hamburger and coffee?"

THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T STRIP FOR HITLER

(Continued from page 6)

gestured. "Let the show begin."

BACKSTAGE Magda Loy had waited for the Great Man to make his appearance. Not fearfully, but impatiently and proudly, she waited. Magda Loy was a Hungarian and the fear of Hitler had not yet gripped all of Europe. His terror so far had been reserved for Germans. Under the restraining influence of the venerable old president Von Hindenburg he had been placed in power as the Chancellor of the German state. Magda Loy was honored. The Great Man had come to see her perform, and stories said that his visits to the theatre were infrequent. His time was too much occupied with the vastness of the nether world, the advancement of the Third Reich, for this aesthetic one to have time for the pleasures of the flesh. Perhaps the stories that told of his cruelties, his sexual perversion, his wanton murder of friends and political enemies were just so much anti-Hitler propaganda. Maybe this man of destiny was really ordained by Heaven to bring lasting peace to pain-wracked Europe. Magda Loy thought of this and of other things as she watched the Fuehrer take his seat in the Royal Box. She was impatient. But she was honored too.

She danced out onto the stage when the curtain rose, her magnificent body, rounded graceful legs and firm proud breasts covered only with a thin coat of gilt paint. As she moved in the soft glow of the spotlight her heart was a rapture of joy. Every muscle of her splendid torso responded to the savage rhythm of the jungle dance. She was the mother of all women as she danced for this man alone. Her undulating movement brought her close to his box. Through half-slitted slumbrous eyes she watched him. Watched this Great Man. And her heart grew cold. And fear gripped her with bestial hands. This was the man who had no time for thoughts of the flesh. This was the man who was going to raise the culture of all Europe to a prouder and finer level.

He sat in his box, small piggish eyes fastened on the body of the dancer. His expression was an animal. His hands were clenched until his knuckles were bloodless and white. From a narrow slash of a cruel mouth his tongue flicked to wet parched lips as his breath tore from wracked throat. A slow drool slimed unheeded down his lower jaw, to drop splatteringly on his oversized coat. This then, this beast that hid his ugly passions behind a coat of etherealism, was the man who had sworn to liberate Europe.

Magda Loy shuddered as she danced. In the lustful eyes of this depraved degenerate she could read the horrible fate that awaited the world.

Bestial passion for this woman, the toast of Europe, burned within Hitler that night. But those were the early days of his reign, and he must still tread carefully. His enemies were still to be removed. Hitler must guard his way well, for his plans were deeply laid, and a false step might send them all crashing. So long as Von Hindenburg lived Hitler must fear the Reichswehr, for their allegiance was to the ancient warrior-president, not to the upstart corporal who had bludgeoned his way to political power by strong-arm tactics, empty promises and anti-semitism. One wrong move and the army would smash his legions of gang-ruled Storm-Troopers.

Hitler had built a myth about himself. He was Superman. A human with no human frailties. And while his animal instincts surged in barbaric fury, he controlled them. Time was on his side. Soon, he promised himself, soon, when his power was complete, then he could cast aside the restraining fables his propaganda minister had built about him and live that life of fleshly pleasures he longed for.

These thoughts he could hide from an idolizing and fearful public, from his own power-drunk lieutenants, but not from the woman who had roused them. To the audience in the Winter Garden, the people who see only his back, he remained the cold and aloof Fuehrer, the man who did not enjoy women, just as he claimed he did not enjoy wine. Rumors there had been, rumors that were officially hushed, that if at all romantically inclined, his emotions were for the stalwart young men of his *Schutzstaffel*, men who were the favorites of the Fuehrer's only friend, Ernst Roehm, the notorious homosexual who was later to be caressed by his leader with the bloody edge of a headsman's axe! Rumors that made German mothers watch their young sons with frightened eyes. But the German people dared not mention these rumors, and as yet the Fuehrer must not feed them, lest he arouse the wrath of the senile president of the waning Weimar Republic.

So Hitler watched Magda Loy as she danced, and none but he and she knew of the battle he had fought and won.

AS year followed terrible year Hitler smashed his way to fuller power. Hindenburg died and Hitler made himself President as well as Chancellor. He drove the commanders from the army and replaced them with his own followers. Heinrich Himmler and his blood-lusting Gestapo spread rapine throughout the length of the land. Not only in Germany, but into the chambers of political leaders of France and England, the terror of the Nazis spread. The Germans marched into the Rhineland and supinely the French watched them march. And every goose-stepping German boot drove a fascist bayonet into the graves of the men who had died to make France free.

His legions raped democratic Spain . . . spread their terror through Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland. And as the power of the Third Reich grew, so the vow he had made to himself that night when he watched the golden dance of Magda Loy became a reality. The myth of Superman disappeared and in its place came the saga of Hitler the fleshpot. The French named him "*le bel Adolphe*," the beautiful Adolphe, not only because of his ridiculous appearance, but because of his mad and almost always ill-fated desire for romance. A desire that had been kindled by the wanton savage beauty of Magda Loy's dance.

With the Reichswehr as well as the SS now obeying his every command, Hitler's character made rapid changes. The night clubs, the brothels, became his haunts. His favor would fall upon one unfortunate girl after the next. Young girls were invited to his private haunts in the Wilhelmstrasse and at Berchtesgaden for private viewings of erotic movies made by the stage and screen beauties who were his favorites of the moment.

It was the duty of Herr Goebbels, publicity director for Satan and Co. to solicit the women of his master's fancy. To facilitate his task the palace procurer was given the extra title of "Minister of Culture and Enlightenment". And he carried his torch of sadistic "culture" into the parlors and bedrooms of the most beautiful women in Europe. The crumbs that Hitler left behind he used for himself. His clandestine affairs, constantly hushed by his own office of propaganda, were the scandal of the Nazi Party. But his much publicized romances pale to insignificance when compared to the silenced affairs of the maniac who was his master.

IT was in Vienna in 1938, shortly before the Anschluss. Magda Loy was appearing in the theatre there, recapturing her audiences with the slim full-bodied rapture of her dance. A triumphant Hitler visited the city that day, to survey the ground where soon he would gouge out his first major victory from a prostrate Europe. As his armored car drove him rapidly through the city his eyes happened upon the posters that festooned the streets, advertising the appearance of Magda Loy.

Five-year-old fires were rekindled within his breast that day.

Hitler's Storm trooper found Magda Loy behind the wings of the theatre. His message was an invitation for the dancer to perform for The Fuehrer, privately in the Kanzelerei at the Wilhelmstrasse. Terror gripped the girl.

Five butcherous years had passed since she had last seen Hitler but she knew well the trail of rapine and blood he had left in his wake. This time she felt no questioning thrill. She felt only revulsion and horror. She thought of the other girls who had answered the Reichkanzeler's call of private entertainment, girls who never returned to the stage or screen, girls who were never seen alive again.

There had been many and of those who had returned, some were wide-eyed staring things, with all of life burned out from within. Others were nerve-wracked, jittery, broken women. And still others, returned from the Hell of Hitler's embrace, were mutilated, broken pawns, women who had seen and felt the terror of his caress and the cruel lash of the whip in the hand of this depraved torturer.

Magda Loy knew of these as she knew of the strange, silent, little child-woman, Hitler's niece his apologists called her, whom it was said had committed suicide because of her love for him. But she knew

of the tales that told of the child-woman's death, not by suicide, but by a bludgeon wielded by the monster when nothing else would satisfy his perverted passions.

She knew too of Renate Mueller, lovely young film star, who kept her tryst with a non-Aryan man. Beyond the pain-crushed borders of the Reich she met him, until one day Hitler saw her on the screen and lusted for her. The dread Gestapo discovered her tryst.

Renate Mueller died a few days later. She plunged to her doom, rather than submit to the maniac's embraces. Her despairing mind envisioning the consequences of the Gestapo's discovery, the pain and torture that would be meted out to her lover and to herself . . . fearing that she would be forced into the vile arms of Hitler as had so many others before her, she had taken to morphine.

Crazed, maddened with fear, her once lovely body bloated with drugs and discolored from the painful prodding of relief-bringing needles, she was taken to a sanatorium, There, she watched with fear-crazed eyes the road that led from the village below to this hospital high among the craggy hills of the Bavarian Alps. She heard the thudding of the boots. She saw the uniforms of the Gestapo men coming for her. She ran. A crazed fearful woman who chose to die rather than submit. Through the window she plunged, shattering the glass and the frame to twist and turn like a soul in the torment from which she had just escaped. She fell, to find among the crags of the everlasting Alps the only peace that is left for the tortured people of the Greater Reich.

Magda Loy knew the terror that had visited these girls, but she knew also the fate that would be hers if she refused the command of the Fuehrer.

SHE never reappeared on that stage in Vienna again. That night she made her silent way to her hotel. Rapidly she packed her belongings. She had made her choice, and it was to flee from the clutches of Hitler. Although his complete power had not yet engulfed Austria, Magda Loy felt the innate power for evil within the man. Just how soon his poisonous tentacles would engulf Vienna she could not know. But she did know that so long as he could extend that power Magda Loy would never be safe.

The Fuehrer had commanded her, and she had refused him. Too well she knew the meaning of her act. The Gestapo spread its evil web through all Europe and those who incurred the wrath of Hitler were prey for its brutal torturers. Vienna was overrun with Nazis. They had forced the Government to bow down to them. They had murdered Engelbert Dolfuss, the chancellor of Austria. They roamed the streets of Vienna, masters of the Army and the Police, awaiting a mere word from their master that would put them in absolute power. Magda Loy chose to risk their wrath, their heavy handed sadism by fleeing from them, for that was an easier fate than to succumb to the terror of Hitler's embrace.

Magda Loy's flight to Budapest was a forecast to the thousands of homeless people who were destined to be uprooted and flung pell-mell about Europe before the thundering march of Hitler's mighty army. Back to Budapest she fled, for in Hungary there was still freedom from the Nazis, and Budapest was home and hope and succor to Magda Loy.

Magda Loy had begun her dancing career in Budapest. At the age of fifteen she appeared in the same chorus in the King Theatre with the famous Hungarian beauty and film star Ilona Massey. Her sheer artistry as a dancer was soon recognized. Paris called to Magda Loy, and she appeared in the notorious Folies Bergere as a principal. And after her first season as the loveliest and most talented member of Europe's most renowned dancing troupe, her name was made. From Scandinavia to the Balkans, from Cairo to London, the story spread, of this dancer who could thrill an audience as no other dancer has ever done before, or since.

She performed in the Savoy Hotel in London. In the Winter Garden in Berlin. From Cairo, Egypt, she travelled to the Shepard Hotel in Athens to give a command performance before Edward, who was at that time the popular Prince of Wales. The Kings of Italy and of Egypt asked for command performances, and her Golden Javanese dance thrilled them to their royal cores.

After that first night at the Winter Garden in Berlin, Hitler had presented the entire cast with golden swastikas.

"I threw mine away," Magda Loy told her interviewer, backstage at the Monte Carlo night club in New York where she is appearing at present. "I threw it away in a fit of rage. But I'm sorry now. If I had kept it I would have been able to contribute it to Mayor La Guardia's collection and to the cause for which they are going to be used."

IN 1939 the Nazi scourge spread to the other nations of Europe. War flamed. Poland fell beneath the Blitz tactics of the Reichswehr. Revolt flared and spluttered in Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary. Without the necessity of armed conflict small nations fell into Hitler's camp. As the Swastika flew over Budapest black despair dragged Magda Loy downward.

Once more the Nazi menace had followed her. From Berlin to Vienna and now to Budapest. It was as if Hitler were spreading his net not only to enslave Europe, but to add the name of Magda Loy to his list of conquests. Further and further he had driven her. No place in Europe was safe from the tentacles of this octopus.

She was married now, and one grim night she spoke to her husband.

"There is only one place left on this earth," she said, "where we can find refuge from this monster. The United States. One country where a man and his wife can live, free from the oppressive fear of a beast who is the master of men."

That night they made their perilous way from Budapest. Theirs is the same saga as that of thousands of people who fled before the engulfing tide of Naziism. In England they stopped off before taking the ship to America. It was there that her husband turned to her and said, "You go on ahead to America. You are a woman and your place is there. But I am a man and man's place is in the battle line. This is not merely a war between nations, but a war of ideas. My place is here, fighting to make the world safe, so that someday you and I can resume our marriage without fear, without anguish . . . that we may bring children into a world where people are free."

They separated that night. She to go on to America. He to join the R.A.F., to carry their hatred of the Dictator back to him with the flaming guns of his Hurricane, and with the grim load in the bay of his Blenheim Bomber.

Once here, she immediately applied for American citizenship, and has already been granted her first papers. The World's Fair was her first place of employment in America, and it was here she learned that the American public differs from Europe's. Her fellow performers taught her a few things about American stage psychology. From them she learned that the American version of the strip tease was much more lucrative and far less exerting than her own specialty, the Golden Javanese Dance.

This dance had its beauty, its wanton artistry, but it was dangerous and troublesome, and in her leaner days, expensive. Her only costume was a coat of gilt paint. This she applied to her body which must be kept in perfect condition due to the danger of infection. For each performance she used a can of specially prepared paint that cost her upwards to ten dollars a can, and each coat could only be kept on for fifteen minutes.

Although the Strip-Tease is virtually unknown in Europe, Magda Loy picked up the art of it with ease. She was well on the way to top billing when the American war threat grew serious. Magda Loy knew well the power of Hitler and his cohorts. She knew the brutality of his movement. With utter unselfishness she threw herself into the war effort of her adopted country.

Together with Dorothy Lamour she toured the country selling Defense Bonds, giving herself wholeheartedly to the same cause for which her husband daily dives into the blazing face of death.

$567,000 worth of Bonds they sold. Money to buy guns and shells and bombs. Money to buy ships and tanks and planes. Money that would carry the war back to Hitler. Smash down on him with his own brand of destruction and terror and hate.

Magda Loy is fighting Hitler. Long ago, before Austria, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Belgium, Norway, France, Jugoslavia and Greece were crushed, she had seen the terror that was his and she had refused to yield to it.

Magda Loy, the dancer who nightly thrills the audiences at the Monte Carlo, is more than just a dancer. She is the living symbol of the will to triumph over Hitler.

—END—

The Copacabana's six svelte Samba Sirens.

Garcia Gomez, typical night club appetite raiser.

SEX WITH YOUR FOODSTUFFS!

From Times Square to the Barbary Coast, the way to a man's stomach is through his eyes

By JAMES L. PARKER

EVER SINCE Eve hitched a shoulder at Adam and rolled her eyes in the direction of the old apple, Sex has played an important part in Man's gustatory habits. We all know how costly it was for Adam to nibble at the forbidden fruit, but it is a question whether it ran much higher than a full evening at—say—the Copacabana in Manhattan, where the Six Samba Sirens hold sway.

Not that Adam didn't get his money's worth. Or that any visitor to New York wouldn't get his at the Copacabana. And the out-of-towner has an advantage over Adam; whereas Adam got kicked out of the Garden after his spree, about all the out-of-towner can get kicked out of is his hotel room. The male animal likes Sex with his feeding, however, as the café and nightclub owners all know too damn well. Texas Guinan's familiar "Hello, Sucker!" never was considered an insult by anybody—rather, a hearty invitation to sample the cutlets and ogle the cuties at her spot in Chicago.

Of course, in the Adam and Eve show, a snake was the producer, but, following him through the years up to Billy Rose, we don't have any clear record of who took the next important step in removing the dressing from the entertainers and putting it on the salad.

Some of the ancient kings and queens did their part in stimulating the stomach through the leg art, while others depended upon more refined sex appeal. Belshazzar is said to have furnished comely maidens as a background for his stuffing stinkeroos, but Nebuchadnezzar, according to the history books, was waited upon by "carefully chosen eunuchs." The refined note. Cleopatra captivated Antony by feeding him sumptuously while reclining on a couch and being fanned by girls dressed as nymphs and boys dressed as cupids, and, if we can judge by the paintings, she *undressed* for dinner.

The common people of olden times mixed Sex with their group festivals. The old, annual festival of Adonis which used to be held at ancient Alexandria, Athens, and other places started with the placing of the images of Adonis and Aphrodite side by side on a couch and surrounding them with all the fruits of the season. The next day the image of Adonis was carried to the shore and cast into the sea by women with bared breasts who also let down their hair—one of the first examples of nudity and abandon accompanying the process of eating.

SEX ever played an important part in these early festivals. The tie-up of Man's two prime appetites undoubtedly came about because the festivals were held in the spring, or during the harvesting season. Nature gave the suggestion through the fruitfulness of her seasons, and Man followed the suggestion and strove to imitate Nature. Later, Man decided to ignore Nature and branch out on his own, without regard to the seasons. For instance, during the rites of Dionysus often held in winter, nightly celebrations were frequent, marked by wild ecstasy and orgiastic self-abandonment. The women of Attica and Phocis used to celebrate the feats of Dionysus by meeting every second winter on Mount Parnassus and tearing a bull to pieces with their teeth and eating the flesh. Wild dancing, songs, and drinking accompanied this orgy, to which each woman brought a *thyrsus*.

Romans, at the height of their glory, had couches brought to the table for men only, but as time wore on, the men opened their hearts and allowed their women friends to join them.

Long before the fireworks of Versailles or the Aquacade of the World's Fair had been dreamed of, Nero, the Orson Welles of his day, threw several whing-dillys on gigantic floating rafts. Nero knew his women, and he displayed them advantageously, probably because he was educated for the stage and he cultivated his flair for the theatrical. His raft was made of timber and covered with a purple awning. Boats, joined to the raft by cords of gold and purple, were rowed by beautiful rowers of both sexes with their hair dressed in oriental fashion or confined by golden nets. Other boats moved in and out of this group, filled with damsels playing harps and citharae. Young slave maidens covered with green nets to look like scales appeared among the boats as sirens. Wines cooled in mountain snow were served while doves and other birds flew above the guests trailing blue and silver threads.

The banks of the pond floating the raft were covered with palms, lotuses, and roses. Fountains of perfumed water, statues of gods and

goddesses, and gold or silver cages filled with birds of various colors were almost but not quite, hidden among the trees and plants. Men, dressed at satyrs or fauns, began chasing women dressed as nymphs. Those not in costume chased anybody, and in the confusion the torches got knocked out fairly quickly.

Through the Middle Ages, dining out was not a very refined affair. The entertainment, sensually, was pretty crude; the guests participated in catch-as-catch-can fashion so that it resolved itself to the direct, robust process of belch and bundle.

TAKING a leap through time and leaving behind such interesting people as Henry VIII, who liked wives with his meals, we come across the ocean and weave through several saloons in God's Own Country, where we notice a lively mural art springing into flower. Nudes, nudes, nudes, bountifully bosomed and beefily beauteous, over the bar and around the walls. The lusty can-can dancers and the corseted ballad singers of the cabarets held thrills for some, but for the he-men drinkers, the words of the old song, "—mention 'saloon' and my cares fade away!" had a true, tender meaning. The mural nudes of some of the old saloons undoubtedly put a punch into liquor sales; so a few places strove for reality in their wall art. The "Reclining Venus" painting over a bar in Virginia City gave customers a genuine kick with her lifelike movement—furnished by a string tied to her tummy and pulled rhythmically to simulate restful breathing.

When we pass the turn of the Century and enter the twenties, we begin to get into Sex with eating on the modern mass production scale. We meet up with Earl Carroll. Mr. Carroll, a past master of the Undraped and Unadorned, gave great impetus to Sex as a background for food and drink when he threw his famous—and expensive—bathtub party. The little lady who climbed into the champagne at that party revived a wave of nudism at a feast which had lain dormant since cuties in the raw had popped out of pastries dished up by Diamond Jim Brady and Playboy Thaw. Now, by the way, Mr. Carroll is at it again on a larger and barely more conservative scale with his Earl Carroll's Theater-Restaurant of Hollywood. He offers "food, drink, dancing, floor shows, and, above all, beautiful girls."

Since Mr. Carroll's bathtub party, the exhilarating pastime of feasting with flesh kicked along with occasional nightclub dancers appearing in the buff in an arty way and usually toned down with dim lights. Then, the habit of spicing the Chamber of Commerce luncheons and sales convention dinners with brassiered and belted girlies began to grow. Even a strip-tease was thrown into the program of some of the wetter dinners.

Sally Rand is a name to conjure with in this latter era. Sally started out by wearing down the customers' resistance by fan-dancing at nightclubs, but she now has graduated to building up the morals and aesthetic taste of tired business men with lectures at Rotarian and Optimist luncheons! But there is only one Sally Rand.

Back to Billy Rose we must go, however, to find who put the bang into banqueting of modern history. It all started with the Texas Centennial Exposition of 1936. Dallas got the show on its State Fair grounds. Ft. Worth, thirty miles away, was furious. Amon Carter, Ft. Worth publisher and cattle baron, frothed at the mouth. Said he: "We'll show those effete city slickers of Dallas where the West *really* begins!" So he got Billy on the telephone and told him to bring himself and plenty of beautiful girls to Ft. Worth and put on a show that would display enough toothsome flesh to make incoming tourists forget all about the cultcha displayed at Dallas.

A perfect sample of the bill of fare at Earl Carroll's Hollywood Restaurant.

So was born Billy Rose's Frontier Days & Wild West Show Featuring Casa Mañana Revue. In the Casa Mañana, tier upon tier of tables and chairs rose around a stage and an artificial lake. Vaudeville acts were good, radio stars were plentiful, but gorgeous girls and gorgeous girls upon gorgeous girls gave the diners-out their real money's worth.

DALLAS suffered. Dallas sweated. Dallas said the hell with cultcha!—we've got to pack 'em in! So "Mlle. Corinne" did a bubble dance in the nude at the "Streets of All Nations," a night club which sprang up on the fair grounds. "Mlle Leslie" did a veil dance at the "Streets of Paris," and at that spot at midnight a beautiful woman wearing only a lovely blonde wig rode a white horse among the diners' tables. An uncountable number of sideshows featuring nude tableaux appeared all over the Dallas Centennial grounds like the measles, and the boost in attendance proved that cultcha was saved!

At his Diamond Horseshoe, in Manhattan just off of Times' Square, Billy has a little more than Sex-with-food to offer. For your cover charge you can get, over and above the beautiful gals, large doses of nostalgia, and real Art. The large doses of nostalgia go only to those who are old enough to remember Carlyle Blackwell, Nita Naldi, Lila Lee, Mae Murray, Gilda Grey, and Joe Howard. All of these old stars of stage and screen do bits in the show, including a still sensuous, still sexy, hula by Miss Grey.

The Art at the Diamond Horseshoe is in the form of lovely "Persephone," a painting by Thomas Benton, who stated he was fed up with exhibiting in museums—where he belonged was in a good bar. Billy got wind of Mr. Benton's dissatisfaction, and, with an eye for Art and a nose for publicity, got Mr. Benton's "Persephone" to hang in his place, just inside the door and strongly floodlighted. The picture is a beautiful nude, of course.

Billy's cigarette girls are as enticing as ever. Their netted stockings give a bewitching allure to their legs which is even better than no stockings at all.

Just around the corner from the Diamond Horseshoe is another angle on the linking of Sex with eating. From the days of the earliest burlesque shows, confections have held an important spot in the evening's entertainment. The national expositions drew burlesque shows with vending of foodstuffs as a real money maker for them. Just before the "star" appeared with her bump dance, and after she had been given a tremendous build-up, the panting audience was compelled to listen to a fast-talking barker who extolled the virtues of an inexpensive ice cream or candy item distributed energetically by magically appearing vendors. The audience had no choice but to buy, for—as says the present barker of the Gaiety on Times Square—"While this sale is going on, folks, you've got nothing to look at but four walls!"

Swinging back to the Southwest, where the spaces are wider and the drive-ins flourish, we find the sandwich-and-beer stand operators turning more and more to girl car-hops to build their trade. As they take on more girls, they give the girls less to wear. A speeding motorist can be tempted more easily to turn off the highway if he catches a glimpse of cheesecake.

SIVILS', a drive-in stand in Houston, Texas, pulls the motorists into a three-acre parking area by giving a girl show with the price of a hamburger. Several years ago Sivils' started its girl car-hops out with a short-skirted, short-sleeved uniform topped with a shako, and its close relation, Sivils' of Dallas, is going one better by making the skirts shorter and exposing the midriff. Sivils' of Dallas says "It's cooler."

Then came the Revolution. Women's organizations began to rant against the "indecent exposure of Womanhood." A few drive-in stands were persuaded to hire handsome, husky football players. Hairy legs had their appeal, Sex reared its ugly head all around, and everybody profited except the women's organizations!

The future holds promise for the combination of cuties and cuisine. Perhaps the Greeks didn't have a word for it, but New York's Paradise Restaurant did; it dubbed the star of the floor show, Della Carroll, a *premiere strippeuse!* Yes, the future for flesh truly looks rosy.

"The battle of the Bubble J. B. *Two* bubble dancers—*one* bubble."

FREE OFFER For FALSE TEETH

JIM WONT EAT OUT BECAUSE HE LOSES HIS FALSE TEETH
BOB NEVER HAS PLATE TROUBLE
RUTH SAYS BOB NEVER HAS PLATE TROUBLE
ILL ASK HIM FOR HIS SECRET
BOB, HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR PLATE FROM SLIPPING?
CINCH! A SQUEEZE OF CROWN RELINER KEEPS 'EM TIGHT!

Here's new amazing mouth comfort without risking a single cent . . . enjoy that feeling of having your own teeth again. Satisfy your desire for food . . . eat what you want. **CROWN RELINER TIGHTENS FALSE TEETH OR NO COST.**

Don't suffer embarrassment and discomfort caused by loose dental plates. Apply CROWN RELINER. In a jiffy your plate fits like new and stays that way up to 4 months. **No old-fashioned heating to burn your mouth.** Just squeeze CROWN from tube and put your teeth back in. They'll fit as snugly as ever. Inventor is a recognized authority in dental field. A patent has been applied for CROWN RELINER to protect you from imitators. After you reline your plate with CROWN, take your false teeth out for cleaning without affecting the CROWN RELINER. CROWN RELINER is guaranteed . . . it's harmless.

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4358 W. Philadelphia Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Send your wonderful Crown Dental Plate Reliner and include the free Crown Dental Cleaner. I will pay postman one dollar plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied after four months I may return partly used tube for full refund.
(☐ I am enclosing one dollar in full payment. Same guarantee.)

Name .....

Address .....

ARE SYPHILIS AND GONORRHEA AMERICA'S MOST FORMIDABLE

(Continued from page 11)

however, must be formulated along local lines. The individual case of syphilis or gonorrhea is *local*. The individual prostitute or house of prostitution is *local*. The men and women of the community, the soldiers, the sailors and industrial workers that must be protected are *local*.

The Federal Government can serve as the architect and consultant of the program. But nothing happens unless it happens *locally*. Your home town must have—in good operating order—facilities which can deal with this problem.

The total health and welfare program of your community consists not merely of your public facilities but of its total services—public, private, and voluntary. It is a cooperative effort and all the resources of any community should be marshalled if success is to be achieved. The job *must* be done. It is a public responsibility to see that it *is* done.

The Public Health Service and your State health authorities are redoubling their efforts to win the battle in *their* sector, which means the discovery and treatment of venereal infection. At this time, the public health front is like an advance force which has pushed ahead in the drive to victory. It is in danger of being outflanked, on the one hand by commercialized prostitution and on the other by social conditions in which vice and corruption breed.

The time is *now* for law enforcement and social protection to move up and consolidate the front. Indeed, the outcome of the battle depends on the success of our operations against prostitution.

Prostitution spreads syphilis and gonorrhea. But let us not mince words. Prostitution is a vice. It degrades women. In all its stark ugliness, it saps the moral strength of the community.

The good citizen—doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief or plain John Doe—must face these facts. Having faced them, he can but do his part to help efface this ancient fault and renew the spirit of community responsibility.

To win the battle against the venereal diseases, which are the greatest destroyers of military health and efficiency, every citizen must do his part. Your share is to see that every citizen in your community knows the facts with respect to the spread of syphilis and gonorrhea and to your facilities for their control. This is a people's war and it will be won by an enlightened people.

The fight against indifference will be harder, less easily won, than the fight with frank opposition to venereal disease control and the repression of prostitution. You cannot afford to let your community indulge in an intensive, emotionally inspired "vice crusade" and then go home and put its feet on the hearth-rug with a comfortable feeling of having done the job. That way lies defeat. Gradually, the situation will get back to vice as usual and rising venereal disease rates. Patience, persistence, and continuous hammering on the importance of the issue will get better results.

Local authorities, State and local health officers must join forces with the aid and cooperation of the Federal agencies as described. See that this is done in your community, and stand by with your own full support. This is a job which all of us must do together. It is a job we know how to do. Unless we can work successfully together in this small sector of our total war effort, what hope have we for victory on the far-flung global issues confronting the nation?

"So the Major wants a password does he? Okay—Minnie's Father!"

NANCY CLARK
CONOVER MODEL
MURRAY KORMAN PHOTO

(Continued from page 24)

becoming one of the famous Conover girls. I am gratefully still with Conover, having added the "American" and "Health and Beauty" magazines to my list of covers.

Although modeling is remunerative and enjoyable, it did not bring me closer to Broadway, so I periodically located myself in the various nightclubs from Boston to Palm Beach, hoping to sing my way to the stage. After my last engagement, at Ben Marden's Riviera, this attempt became moderately successful. I was hired to sing in a musical melodrama in a summer stock company, and also to have small parts in several of the other plays.

The close of that season of summer stock brought me back to New York, and again on the doorsteps of Broadway ringing the producers' bells.

Lee Shubert's bell has always been a favorite of mine because it never fails to answer. He never refuses to see me, never keeps me waiting, and always gives me hope and encouragement.

The first few times I saw Mr. Shubert I wore my hair piled high on my head and looked like a typical high-styled model. He was courteous and considerate to me but somewhat unenthusiastic. One day I literally "let my hair down" (see pictures) and went to show Mr. Shubert my new and warmer personality. He immediately changed his attitude, showed definite signs of approval.

But it hasn't all been encouragement. For many months I have done the usual "pounding the pavements" and "haunting the producers" with little success. Time and again I have definitely been given a part, and immediately the show would be postponed or there would be insufficient funds to produce it.

The most discouraging thing of all is the countless times I have been told I was perfect for a certain part, only I was *too tall!* All of five feet seven! Countless times I have pointed out that I am the same height as Greta Garbo, Katherine Hepburn, and many other stars, but that made little difference.

The unhappiest incident in the height episodes was the time I was almost selected to take a part as "Lady in the Dark," available because a girl was leaving the show to be in another play. The decision was almost final when the stage manager discovered that I was a few inches taller than Gertrude Lawrence, and since the part required doubling for Miss Lawrence in several scenes, he'd have to use someone else—due to a few miserable little inches.

Inches might stand in the way of my career but certainly not my hair! I was born an ash blonde, but on one occasion an agent told me I could have a part in a play that was about to be produced if I would become a golden blonde. For the sake of the part I immediately changed my hair—and immediately the play was cancelled!

But I am hoping that the golden blonde that I have remained will yet have an opportunity to appear.

Because struggling to become an actress is somewhat unexciting, I have adopted an exciting hobby—aviation! I obtained a license last summer and hope to make this exciting sport more than just a hobby. Civilian pilots are needed in the war and I am ready and anxious to be of some service.

This abbreviated autobiography has only included the struggles of modeling and singing, the discouragements of acting, and the escape in aviation: but I am becoming increasingly enthusiastic! I'm certain that success is not far away!

In fact I am now slated to go in a "play with music" this spring. To be sure, the part is small, and any brilliance of the opening will not be due to me; but it's the opportunity I have longed for, and the start of a rise to success—leading to more and more openings on Broadway, and ultimately stardom!

—END—

BOW AND ARROW FISHING

A Fast-Growing Offshoot of America's Most Popular Sport

BOW and arrow fishing is an offshoot of the rod and reel sport. 15,000,000 Americans are confirmed anglers. More Americans fish than participate in any other sport. From January 11th to April 19th Miami is holding the 7th Annual Metropolitan Fisherman's Carnival. 250,000 fishermen, 40 percent of them women, are expected to participate. Ten thousand dollars in cash prizes will be awarded to the winners.

Bow and arrow fishing, which will be well represented at the tourney, is not quite as difficult as it seems to the uninitiate. It is often more productive than angling, in bay and canal waters around populated areas where fish are too well fed from myriads of floating foodstuffs to be interested in bait.

There he is! Jean Campbell sights a mullet about eight feet away and a couple of inches under the surface. Kay Paige takes careful aim, sighting along her arrow before releasing it.

Equipment layout here sells retail for about $19.90. Not everything shown here is essential.

Jean Campbell threads an arrow. About 30 feet of waxed fishing cord is necessary.

Kay Paige sights her arrow. Note the leather finger and arm guard that protects the archer.

Whammo! Kay lets go at one of the many mullet that swarm the waters around Miami.

The line broke as it sometimes does, so Jean donned her goggles and went after the quarry, a ten inch mullet, good size for the species.

THE GHOST *over* EBBETS FIELD

That night, when Frankie Campbell died under Maxie Baer's flailing fists, the National League's most valuable player of 1941 was born.

by MAC DAVIS

THE morning after the bitter Presidential election of 1940, when all votes had been tabulated, the final count showed these startling figures:

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Democrat	27,243,466
Wendell Willkie, Republican	22,304,755
Dolph Camilli, Brooklyn Dodger	1,483

As any Dodger fan would tell you, had the Presidential election been held in 1941, Dolph Camilli would have carried Brooklyn (population 2,660,479) in a landslide vote, "irregardless" of F. D. R. or W. W.

Any player who can win the most valuable player award of the National League is a popular man. But if that player also happens to be a Brooklyn Dodger, then without doubt he's the greatest man in the country—on Flatbush Avenue.

The little birdies along Flatbush Avenue are chirping that Brooklyn will repeat and win the 1942 pennant.

Reason number one: Dolph Camilli, the most valuable player in the National League on first base.

Reason number two: Dolph Camilli, leading home-run hitter of the league.

Reason number three, four, five and all the rest: Dolph Camilli.

Do you catch on, brother—just what Dolph Camilli means in feverish Brooklyn? He's the ham in your vaudeville and the sugar in your coffee.

In being crowned the outstanding player in the League, Dolph Camilli achieved more than just a measure of baseball success. At long last he had kept his appointment with a ghost. What did a spook have to do with driving the Dodger first baseman to the pinnacle of his baseball career? It's quite a story!

We go back to the night of August 25, 1930. A clear brisk sky canopied the San Francisco baseball park. Twenty-thousand faces poked through the darkness of the night, with all eyes pointing to a ring pitched in the center of the ballpark. In one corner of that roped arena stood San Francisco's ranking heavyweight, the barrel-chested, handsome young Italian, Frankie Campbell. In the opposite corner, his opponent, California's newest and goofiest fistic sensation, the madcap Max Baer. The bell. The roar of the mob, and California's biggest fight in years was on.

In the second round, Frankie Campbell caught Max Baer with a swinging right and spilled him to the canvas. Awkwardly, Baer sprawled on the canvas, as a roar of derisive laughter belched out of the crowd. In a rage, Baer jumped up, shot across the ring and fired a terrific blow. It

caught Campbell behind the ear and whirled him around, spinning like a top. The Italian kid never recovered from that blow. For the next couple of rounds he took a cruel beating, and midway in the fifth, he slumped to the canvas as the referee tolled off the fatal count.

When the lights flashed on, Frankie Campbell still lay unconscious in the center of the ring, his face buried in resin dust. He was rushed to a hospital. His nose had been bashed in, his face was a lump of raw red meat, his neck a mass of fleshy ribbons and his eye balls torn.

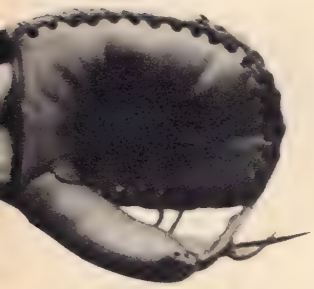
The next morning, Frankie Campbell, the nice, clean-living Italian kid who had nursed an ambition to become the heavyweight champion of the world—was dead!

THAT fight, the most brutal ever witnessed in San Francisco, left the city stunned. But only for a few days. The sport world gave a deep sigh, tossed off a few headlines and promptly forgot all about the unfortunate Frankie Campbell.

However, while a busy and fickle sport world quickly forgot, that horrible tragedy festered painfully in the heart of Dolph Camili, a ballplayer in the Pacific Coast League. That ring tragedy so unnerved Dolph Camilli that he finished the season for Sacramento doing little except brood over the death of the prizefighter.

Hopelessly, Dolph Camilli tried to reconcile himself to the reality of a moment that sketched itself out like some horrible nightmare. Big, strong and handsome Frankie Campbell couldn't be dead! Frankie, the athlete whom he had worshipped all his life—Frankie, who had taught him how to play baseball, how to box, how to buck a line and spear forward passes. Why, Frankie couldn't be dead. Nobody in the world could lick Frankie, but before him was a faded newspaper clipping: "Frankie Campbell killed in the ring." And Dolph Camilli knew it was true.

How strong had been the living bond between that California prizefighter and the young minor league ballplayer? Why more than any man in the world did Dolph Camilli weep and grieve for Frankie Campbell?



Because Dolph Camilli and Frankie Campbell were brothers!

Dolph was born on a ranch on the outskirts of San Francisco on April 23, 1908. From early childhood he worshipped his brother Frankie, who was a crack athlete.

Even while only a youngster of twelve, Dolph Camilli seemed destined to be a first baseman. For Frankie traded the only baseball glove in the Camilli household for a first baseman's mitt. And so, there wasn't anything for Dolph to do but play first base, even though the glove was made for a right hander, and Dolph was a southpaw. But young Dolph stuck the mitt on his right hand and went on using it until he got into high school.

Dolph attended Sacred Heart Academy in San Francisco. Emulating his brother Frankie, he went out for almost everything in an athletic way. Dolph became the star player on the baseball team. He became the captain and star end of the football team and with his speed and pass-snatching ability, was one of the high-scoring aces of his state. He was so good a football player that Slip Madigan, then coach of St. Mary's College offered him a scholarship.

Meanwhile, his brother under the name of Frankie Campbell, had entered the ring and swiftly began to climb from the obscurity of the preliminary ranks into big time. No youngster was ever prouder of his brother than Dolph Camilli was. Dolph, too, wanted to be a fighter. He was eighteen, strong, shifty and packed a mean wallop.

However, that year, Dolph's ambition to become a professional fighter was temporarily stymied, for he received an unexpected offer to play professional baseball. He signed his first contract in organized baseball with the San Francisco Pacific Coast League club.

But Dolph hardly set the League on fire. The Seals farmed him out to Logan, in the Utah-Idaho League. For two years, until 1928, Dolph played ball there. In May of that year he was cut loose, with no strings attached. Yet Dolph Camilli didn't care much, for his heart did not belong to baseball. He still yearned to be a fighter, just like his brother Frankie. When he told his brother that he planned to quit baseball and try his luck in the ring, Frankie exploded:

"Kid," he said, "if you dare quit baseball, I'll slap your ears down. You're a ballplayer, a natural for the major leagues. Wouldn't surprise me if someday they'll call you the best. Besides, I don't want any competition from you in this racket. Dolph, you and me for the big time. Me for Madison Square Garden and you for the big leagues."

LATER that year, Bobby Coltrin, now a Yankee scout but then the manager of the Salt Lake City club, needing a first baseman, signed up Camilli. Dolph finished the season with them, but at the end of the year, though he batted .333 in 117 games and fielded .991, nevertheless he secured his release, for he still had ring hopes.

But again his plans to enter the ring were sidetracked, for when the 1929 season started, Sacramento found itself without a first baseman. Owner Lewis Moreing, searching high and low for a capable first-sacker, heard of Dolph Camilli and signed him. It was a good spot for young Dolph. He was primed for a great season for the Cleveland Indians had an eye on him. But six weeks after the season started, Dolph broke a leg and was out for four months.

However, Dolph Camilli, a tough kid to lick, came back in 1930 stronger than ever. He was blazing along at top speed when his brother, Frankie, was killed in the ring. That moment, a prizefighter died and a ballplayer was born. Dolph lost all interest in boxing. He had to go on playing baseball, for he remembered his brother's last words:

"Dolph, you stick to baseball. Someday, they'll call you the best. It'll make me happy."

Thus, Dolph Camilli began to play the game seriously. For the next three years he plugged along with Sacramento, in the Pacific Coast League, getting nowhere. He seemed to be just another dull, uninspired ballplayer who never would rise above the mediocre level of a drab minor leaguer. He was twenty-five now, a ripe old age when big league managers scoff at a rookie's prospects to make the grade in fast company.

But in 1933, after eight dreary years in the minors, the dark clouds broke. Sacramento sold him to the Chicago Cubs for $25,000. Dolph joined the club late in September. Anxiously he awaited the opening of the new season.

He had to make good, for himself and for a ghost. He was in the majors at last. Sometimes he could hear the soft whisper of a voice from beyond the grave saying:

"You stick to baseball, kid. You're a natural for the major leagues. Someday they'll call you the best. It'll make me happy."

Then came the 1934 season and on the first bounce, Charlie Grimm, then the Bruins' manager, shipped Dolph Camilli to Philadelphia in a trade for Don Hurst. And Dolph Camilli found himself with the hopeless, futile Phillies.

But Camilli worked hard with the cellar-Phillies. After all, he was with a major league ballclub, after a fashion—and besides, he had a mission in life. He had to keep a promise with a ghost.

When that first major league season had finished, Dolph Camilli had a batting average of .315 and drove in 102 runs. Not even such legendary figures as Hal Chase, George Sisler or Lou Gehrig could have improved on that record with a bedraggled team like the futile Phillies.

Dolph remained buried with the Phillies until after the 1937 campaign. Then a series of strange events began to take shape. In January of 1938, dynamic Larry McPhail took over the job of rehabilitating the Daffy Dodgers of Brooklyn. Boss McPhail and manager Burleigh Grimes tried to figure out what they could do to revive some interest in the team which soon was scheduled to start Spring training with a sad collection of worn-out, faded veterans and unprepossessing rookies.

Grimes suggested that the hard-working, dependable Phillie first baseman with the bowling-pin legs was the man to use as a cornerstone in rebuilding the Dodgers. Whereupon Larry McPhail, a man of a few thousand words, went into action. The price tag on Camilli was $45,000.

McPhail went to banker George V. McLaughlin of the Brooklyn Trust Company and after several hours of persuasive eloquence, the weary banker wrote out a check and Dolph Camilli became a Brooklyn Dodger. No one knew it at the time, but 'The Bums' were on the way to pennant glory!

DOLPH had trouble getting started in Brooklyn. In 1938, his first season in a Dodger uniform, he hit only .250 and banged out twenty-four home-runs. Towards the end of that season Dolph was a disillusioned ballplayer.

One night in August, the club was limping home from the West, a weary seventh. Camilli, the first purchase of McPhail's regime believed that the club's failure could be traced directly to him. Dolph Camilli knew that he was a failure and he resented the way the Brooklyn fans felt about him, too. That night, he confided to some of his teammates that he had about decided to give up playing ball for a living. *(Continued on page 64)*

"Get out there and hit, Johnny Larken has just been drafted."

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Edited by Dr. Edward Podolsky

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"Gracious Marie! Camouflage troops!"

"I want to report a robbery!"

A graduation kiss for his sister who went through Howard University at Joe's expense. Notice the strong resemblance between brother and sister.

JOE LOUIS

(Continued from page 17)

and that it was not for publicity purposes, Joe added:

"And don't tell nobody about it."

A few days later Joe sent his secretary down to the village post office to send a money order. It was the largest sum ever sent from that tiny station. Before leaving on the errand the companion asked Joe to whom the order should be addressed. His answer was:

"Just make it out to the treasurer down at Tuskegee. There's a kid from Detroit having a hard time getting through school and I'm going to pay his tuition to help him."

Among the hundreds of letters answered daily by the secretary are missives ranging from the ridiculous to the sublime. Some are humorous while others are pathetic. A farmer in Mississippi wants Joe to send him a mule. And, he'll pay back in crops at harvest time.

A fan in Norway wanted a free ticket to a fight. But no matter what the request, the writer always gets an answer.

While Joe was resting up between fights his secretary received a call offering the champion several hundred dollars for a half hour appearance at an affair in Harlem.

"We can't make it," Joe declared.

"Why," queried his secretary.

"Well, I promised those kids down in Point Pleasant that I'd throw out the first ball for them in a game they're having at that time and I can't let those kids down."

THERE is hardly a city or locality that has not felt the benevolent presence of the champ. Pittsburgh is particularly appreciative of Joe. During the big flood there in 1936 Joe was invited to act as referee in the Red Cross Relief bouts.

After the fight, which drew nearly 7000, the local boxing commissioner insisted that Joe should allow them to re-imburse him for his traveling expenses. But Joe wouldn't take a nickel. Instead he said:

"No, let it go to the Red Cross."

Joe is still the simple boy who came out of the cotton fields of Alabama. His one great extravagance is his golf game. He carries this so far as to the hiring of a private golf pro. But even this game cannot keep the heavyweight ruler from his admirers.

During his participation in the Eastern Golf Association tournament in Pittsburgh last summer, Clyde Martin, his pro, warned:

"Golf is a game of concentration. And you're not going to be able to play good golf as long as you allow everyone to bother you about autographs while you're playing."

"Well, Clyde," he answered, "the game doesn't mean so much to me that I have to slight my friends on account of it. I'd rather muff a shot any day than lose a friend."

This reply is that of the typical Joe Louis. Not the Joe Louis who appears so cruel and treacherous in the ring. It has taken considerable time for people to understand him but the task is becoming easier. This is due in no small measure to the fine press the champion has been receiving of late. Jimmy Walker expressed it best at the New York Boxers' Writers annual dinner recently when he turned to Pvt. Joe Barrows and remarked, "Joe Louis, you have placed a rose on Lincoln's grave."

Joe Louis will never forget those words. They are engraved on his heart.

Right now a big task confronts the Brown Bomber. He, together with millions of other young Americans, is preparing himself for the battle that will determine the future of democratic government. But fighting the battle of democracy and equality for all, is an old one to Joe and his race. They've been fighting this war for so many years now that Joe has a head start. And the odds are that he will make just as fine a soldier for Uncle Sam as he has a fighter for Uncles Mike Jacobs, Julian Black and John Roxborough.

—END—

"What do you MEAN you lost all your money . . . you'll be right over!?!"

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DRINK WHEN I'M DRY

(Continued from page 21)

be as Scotch as if he'd worn kilts.

I didn't know it just then, but Mike was going to be Scotch for awhile.

"I don't blame the women," Mike said, sort of bitterly. "A woman ain't ever a good sport, unless a man makes her that way. She gets an idea something's wrong, she gets her claws out. Them women ain't been trained right. It's the men's fault—if they *are* men!" He cocked his head sidewise and looked at Ed Chapman. "You married?" he asked.

"Hell, no!" Ed said.

"Well, you saw how Bart and Ogle got dragged out of here. That's what comes of letting a woman wear the pants." He looked at me the same way. "This ought to be a lesson to you, Willie. Don't ever marry, but if you do, wear the pants."

I said I wasn't ever going to get married.

"What'll you do if Mrs. Bent makes you move out of here?" Mike asked. "If she goes to your mother, or to the law. You're a minor."

I didn't know. My mother wouldn't make me move out of the Sweetly Dreaming, because she was a widow and the popcorn and peanuts and shoe shines supported us, and because she said she knew her boy wouldn't take a drink until he got to be a man. And my mother was the one woman in Tailholt who didn't give a snap of her fingers for what Mrs. Drusie said or did. But the law was different.

"I don't know," I said. I was worried, because there wasn't any other place open at night.

Mike Cairns said, "Well, it'll take more than a bunch of Carrie Nations to run me out! This ain't a bad place I'm running."

LUKE Brister came over to the bar, like nothing had happened. He said, "Mike, somebody stole my hat!" and Mike went and got the hat off the floor. It was spattered with whiskey, but Luke didn't care. He brought his bottle to the bar, and wanted to set 'em up. Ed Chapman had a drink with him, and Luke wanted to match his strength with Ed by seeing who could force the other's arm down on the bar—you know, the old elbow trick.

Ed had to try, so as to humor Luke, but he wasn't any match at all. Luke started singing Rye Whiskey, then, and pretty soon he went out to get on his horse and ride to the Seven D.

He always rode the wildest saddle horse they had on the ranch, and he would lose his hat before he got home.

"Anyway," Mike Cairns said after Luke had gone, "Luke's a man."

Ed helped Mike and me clean up the place, but there weren't more than half a dozen people in the Sweetly Dreaming saloon all evening, and those who were there went home early. After everybody had gone, Mike got a pencil and began writing down the things he'd need.

"Broke practically all of the whiskey glasses," he said, and wrote down that item. "Like I said, I don't blame the women as much as I blame the men. You give a woman enough rope, she'll hang somebody. Women are fanatics. You let women vote, and first thing you know there won't be any saloons in this country at all."

I said, "Well, before you came here, they used to have the liquor brought in on the freight wagons. Luke Brister used to get drunk just as much as he does now." I liked Mike Cairns, and wanted to build up a defense for him. "He used to get drunk in the street. Last winter he nearly froze to death."

"Sure," said Mike. "There you are. There will always be liquor, Willie. You can legislate against it, but you won't make it entirely unpopular. Luke drinks too much. But I'd rather be Luke than J. K."

"Are you going to make those women pay?" I asked.

Mike put his head on one side, and screwed up his sandy eyebrows. He looked kind of shrewd, and Scotch. He said, "I'll get paid for the damage, but I'll get it my own way."

I REMEMBER the Sweetly Dreaming on winter nights. There was a cottonwood outside, and a hitching rail for the horses. Northers whistled straight down the street, tearing the last leaves off the tree and swishing sand over the board sidewalk; it hardly ever rained when there was a norther. The street was cold and dark, and most of the ranch hands put their horses in J. K. Bent's wagon yard when they came to town, but sometimes there would be a horse at the rail, turning his tail to the wind while his master stayed overlong at the bar.

The Sweetly Dreaming was always warm and friendly, with lights glowing on bottles and glasses and splashing on the varnished bar like it was wet. Tobacco smoke made a pleasant haze against the ceiling. There was laughter, and the jingle of spurs when the door opened, and the red stovepipe darkening and cracking when somebody turned the damper down. There was the smell of whiskey, of course, but it wasn't a disagreeable smell. All this was a long time ago, but I remember, and I have wondered many times since why good whiskey smells better than it tastes. And I always had popcorn sputtering in the red and gold wagon with its gasoline burners and clockspring engine; there were peanuts roasting in the revolving drum oven, and mostly I smelled these things.

Nights when there were dances in the courthouse, cowboys came in to get their boots shined. They were always fresh out of the barber's chair and tub next door, and taken by and large they were a handsome lot, like big, good-natured kids released from school. Oh, sometimes a couple would get too much to drink, but not often. Mike Cairns didn't encourage drunkenness—he couldn't do much with Luke Brister, but he could handle the others. And I think Mike was right: the Sweetly Dreaming wasn't a bad place. Tailholt had no theaters, or clubs, and there wasn't even a pool hall. The Sweetly Dreaming filled a community need.

IT TURNED out that the smart-aleck drummer traveled for a brewery and saloon supply house in St. Louis, and Mike Cairns ordered a lot of things from him next day. Including new whiskey glasses that were so small Ed Chapman said Mrs. Drusie's temperance club would be swiping them to use for thimbles.

"I can't help it," Mike said. He was Scotch, all right, for awhile. "If my place is going to be wrecked, I have to make more profit."

Ogle Baker said, "But we didn't wreck the place, Mike! Why take it out on us?"

Mike looked at him awhile. "No, you didn't wreck it, Ogle," he said. "You were being dragged out by the hair—remember?"

That was all Mike said, but what he meant was plain enough. He went right on charging two-bits for a thimbleful of whiskey, and figuring how long it would take him to get even. Those days, a bartender always set out the bottle and let a man pour his own.

Everybody kicked but Luke Brister, who bought his by the bottle. But things happen to make it look like Tailholt wouldn't have any saloon at all. There was a lot of talk about local option at the next election. The town council wrangled over whether Mike Cairns' license should be suspended. Mike paid a bigger license fee than anybody else in town, and a couple of the councilmen cited that fact. But J. K. Bent practically ran the council, and, of course, Mrs. Drusie ran J. K.

The council made up its mind right away on one thing. It sent word to my mother that I could have until the first of the month to find a new place to keep my peanut wagon. I was buying the peanuts and popcorn through J. K. 's store, and I decided to appeal to him.

It was that evening when Luke Brister showed everybody else how to pour something like two ounces of whiskey into a glass that wouldn't hold an ounce.

Luke brought his bottle to the bar, and I could see him in the mirror, with his black hair over one eye and the other eye looking like it was in motion. He picked up one of the thimble glasses in his big hand, and he curved two or three fingers and his thumb all the way around the rim of the glass. Then he leaned his hand toward the back of the bar, and poured whiskey until it came to the top of his thumb.

Bart Wylie's eyes bulged. "Hey!" Bart yelled. "Look at this!"

Bart and Ogle Baker and several other men tried the same thing. It worked.

You could see Mike Cairns growing Scotch. "That ain't right!" Mike said. "That ain't allowed."

"Any law against it?" Bart asked. "Any law says a man can't hold his glass any way he chooses?"

Luke Brister was singing Rye Whiskey. He finished the verse and had another drink, and then he was playing around, putting everybody's arm down on the bar. Mike Cairns was pretty mad.

I went to see J. K. next morning after I swept out. His office was at the back of the store, and I could hear a loud voice before I got there. It was Mrs. Drusie.

"Jeremiah," she was saying, "You'll not let selfish greed and the love of money interfere with right. I don't care if—if that man—is paying *ten times* forty dollars a month rent! You go see him this very day, and tell him he's got to get out. Do you hear me?"

Practically everybody could hear her. J. K. said, meekly: "But Drusie, I—"

"Don't you but Drusie me! You do as I say."

"He's got a lease," J. K. said. "Till the first of the year."

THAT wasn't two months off. "Well, tell him he's got to then!" Mrs. Drusie snapped. "I want the place for a drill hall for the White Ribbon Marching Club. Are you afraid of him, Jeremiah?"

I couldn't hear what J. K. said, if anything. I left, because getting put out a month or so earlier didn't make much difference.

J. K. came to the Sweetly Dreaming a couple of nights later. There was a norther whipping the street, and he edged in with a gust of wind and looked sort of wistfully at the lights and at the men who were playing dominoes and having a social drink now and then. It was warm in the Sweetly Dreaming, and noisy and kind.

Mike Cairns said, "Well, well, J. K.! Glad to see you. Have a drink on the house!"

The little man shook his head hard. "I—I don't drink," he said, and licked his lips. "Not any more. Mike, I hate to tell you this, but I've decided to put this place to other uses after your lease is up. You know how it goes. Business is business."

"Yeah," Mike said. He cocked his head to one side. "And women are women, ain't they? Only, in this town, it seems like they're men!"

J. K. just swallowed, nodding. Luke Brister came up then, slapping him on the back and shoving a glass under his nose.

"Have lil' snort!" Luke roared. He looked tough, with that hair over one eye and a new hat way back on his head. Maybe J. K. was just startled, but he took that drink before he knew it, and then he was scared. He started looking for the cloves. Mike said, "Try to change your—er—mind, J. K.! Give me another couple of weeks before you make it final. I'm a good tenant."

J. K. promised to try. Then he went out like a scared rabbit.

The White Ribbon Marching Club paraded by the place, singing, a couple of times. But they left their hatchets home, and we knew the singing was just a warning. I don't think it did any good from a temperance standpoint; there was one bit of evidence to the contrary. Old Sam Dunlap hadn't taken a drink for months, but he came in to get away from the noise and said that chant of "water, water, water" had made him all-fired thirsty.

Mike tacked up a sign that said it was against county health laws to touch your liquor glass while you were filling it. I never found out whether this was true, or whether he was running a bluff. It stopped customers from filling their glasses to the brim and adding three fingers on top of that—for a little while. Then they went right ahead, when Mike wasn't looking.

But Mike was being Scotch, and he had another trick in his bag. He called in a carpenter one night at closing time. Next morning, when I swept out shavings and bits of lumber, I saw what had been done.

There was a lever behind the bar, with three notches. You moved it one notch, and the whole top of the bar slanted toward the front just a little, but enough to change the whiskey level in a glass. Move it to the second notch, and you'd be shorting every customer about a third.

I never saw Mike use the third notch, because everybody would have had to be pretty drunk not to notice the slant.

WHEN J. K. came back two weeks later, he looked like a man who has had his mind made up. Mike Cairns saw him coming, and knew what the answer was, and Mike thrust a cigar between his teeth and started chewing on it.

"Cairns," J. K. said without any preliminary, "I've got to have the place."

Mike poured a drink. The bar was set at Notch Number One, and Mike used a special glass. He set the drink in front of J. K., and said, "I'm not sure you can evict me. You've got to show cause. I'll take it to court, J. K.!"

J. K. showed signs of wavering, but just then the song started out on the sidewalk.

O, shun the tempting wine cup,
For want and shame are there;
Touch not the drunk-ard's poison,
Nor once to taste it dare . . .

J. K. lifted his voice. "You've got to get out, hear me?" he yelled squeakily. "Now, don't make trouble! All I want—"

"What did you say?" shouted Mike Cairns.

"I said—dad-rat those women! I said you'll have to get out, and that's all there is to it!"

The song came louder. Mike Cairns shook his head and the song hammered through the doors.

"Water, water, water, water, water,
water, water, water,"
So the sweet bird sang,
"Water, water, water, water, water,

"Don't worry, Bill, your wife'll get over it. You know how those school romances are!"

water, water, water,"
Through the fiery spring.

"Dad-rat it!" yelled J. K. He hammered his fist on the bar, and a dozen men looked at him in surprise. And then he picked up the glass of whiskey and tossed it off, and Luke Brister couldn't have swallowed it any quicker.

Mike filled the glass again, quick.

I remember how swiftly everything happened after that. I was up on the shine stand, because I thought the White Ribbon Marching Club was going to come through the door, and maybe they intended to, but didn't get around to it. Mike and J. K. were still arguing, and the women were still singing. You could hear Mrs. Drusie, louder than all the rest: she had a voice almost like a man.

And there was J. K., taking another drink, and then a third. And Luke Brister came up and put his elbow on the bar and grinned at J. K.

"Bet you a drink I can put your arm down!" he said.

"Go 'way!" J. K. squeaked.

"Come on—try it!" Luke said. "I'm champeen around here. I've put everybody's arm down but yours. What if you lose? You can afford to buy a drink, can't you, J. K.?"

The first thing I knew, they were matched. It looked funny— Luke's six feet two, and J. K.'s height about a foot less than that. It looked so funny the whole bunch gathered around and started egging J. K. on. They said he was built right on the floor. He had better leverage, they told him. Ogle Baker felt his muscle, and whistled.

J. K. had another drink. He took his glasses off, and put them in his coat pocket. His pinched face had turned red, and didn't look so pinched. He braced his elbow on the bar, and he and Luke clasped hands.

Well, it would have been over mighty quick, of course, but something happened. I saw what it was. I saw Mike Cairns step to that lever and shove it all the way over to the third notch.

Luke was just unsteady enough to lose his balance when the bar tilted. His arm not only went down on the bar, but Luke fell and banged his head against the rail. It would have knocked out a lot of men, but Luke was only surprised.

He got up, losing his hat, and said: "Well, I'll be damned! You done it, J. K.! The drinks are on me—step up, boys!"

Mike Cairns pulled the bar back to normal while everybody was slapping J. K. on the back and shaking his hand. J. K. swelled up like a peacock, and it seemed to me his voice changed. He yelled, "No—I'll buy the drinks, here! Put away your money, Luke, your money's no good!"

Mike said, "It just goes to show you that you can't tell how big a man is by his size! Now, you take some men, they—"

"Water, water, water, water, water,
water, water, water,"
So the sweet bird sang . . .

J. K. choked on his drink. He turned away from the bar all at once, and I swear that he pushed two men out of his way—two fair sized men. He started marching to the front door, keeping step with that chant. Everybody watched with their mouths open.

J. K. kicked open the door, and yelled, "Drusie! You get home this minute! I've had enough of this dad-ratted nonsense!"

The song stopped. You could hear Mrs. Drusie's gasp all the way back at the bar.

"Don't stand there gaping!" J. K. stormed. "Get home, I said!"

She found her voice, then. It was shrill, strident. She cried, "Why Jeremiah! You're—you're *drunk!* You come home with me this very minute! I'll teach you how to disgrace me like this!"

J. K. jumped out on the sidewalk. The door swung shut. You could hear Miss Fanny Schrier's scream, and a scuffling sound, and another woman screeching: "Oh, the beast!" And then Mrs. Drusie hollered, "Don't you dare call J. K. that!"

There was more scuffling. J. K. came back inside, dusting off his hands.

He said, "Sure, I'm drunk. But I'm not half as dad-ratted drunk as I'm going to be! Set 'em up, Mike—all around!"

"Who's your fine feathered friend?"

ALL this was a long time ago, but I remember it like it was yesterday. Mrs. Drusie wasn't seen for awhile, but nearly everybody who heard she had a black eye said she'd deserved two of them as long as they could remember. They said a man's got to wear the pants, and J. K. was wearing them. You didn't hear any more about the White Ribbon Marching Club after that, and the Sweetly Dreaming saloon stayed right on until prohibition.

That was in the town that was called Tailholt. I always thought there was something euphonious about Tailholt, Texas, and I am sorry they changed the name. I am sorry about the Sweetly Dreaming, too. The place is still there, but Mike Cairns is gone. And the place is called "Ye Old Cowboys' Corral."

—END—

SELF DEFENSE FOR MODELS

Glamour Students of the Barbizon School of Modelling Learn Jiu Jitsu

IN these days of total war every citizen of the United States is a potential combatant. No one, male or female, is free from the threat of bodily harm if once the aggressors gain a foothold on our continent. In case of fifth column attack or parachute raids, every citizen will find himself or herself a vital part of the armed forces. Because of this, it is vital that everyone learn the basic principles of self-defense and effective offense.

To better teach their students to be more effective citizens as well as top-notch glamour girls, the Barbizon School of Fashion Modelling hired a Jiu Jitsu expert to teach the girls the art of self-defense.

Well-trained girls can make as effective Jiu Jitsu fighters as brawny men, since the accomplished Jiu Jitsu expert needs only speed and scientific knowledge of anatomy. Leverage is the essential factor in Jiu Jitsu; to know where to grab your opponent and how to apply his own strength and attacking energy to bring about his own downfall. Lou Leonard, the Jiu Jitsu instructor, and the models of the school are shown here demonstrating the attack and defense sequences of the Jiu Jitsu course of study.

The attacker approaches girl, club in hand. Girl leans back, grasps attacker's wrist, throwing him off balance, forcing blow outward and forward.

Girl forces wrist downward, grasps attacker's arm behind the elbow, shoving forward. Attacker's lunge rolls him over girl student's hip and shoulder.

The end of the attack. The attacker's breath is knocked out as he crashes to the floor. He is ready to be put out of the fight by his intended victim.

Even in daily life the knowledge of Jiu Jitsu is sometimes necessary. A jealous suitor with murderous intentions suddenly attacks a girl with knife.

A simple Jiu Jitsu trick using leverage and knowledge of anatomy. Either the man drops knife or his arm is broken. Strength plays no part in trick.

As the attacker rushes at her, girl puts her foot in his stomach. She helps his speed by pulling forward on his shoulders, throwing him off balance.

The girl goes over backward, her leg in the man's stomach. His forward, off-balance movement sends him up into the air and completely over her.

He lands on his back, wind knocked out, stunned and breathless. The girl has taken complete advantage of his superior speed, strength and anxiety.

A complete Nelson. An effective method of putting your opponent out of the fight. But not if he also knows Jiu Jitsu, since this is easy to break.

A lift takes the attacker out of the fight. On the ground, the attacker is at the mercy of the victim. One of the elements of Jiu Jitsu is surprise.

This time, Lou Leonard, famous Jiu Jitsu expert, has completely failed. It would take Superman or Tarzan to get out of this difficulty in safety.

LOVE VENGEANCE OF THE ZULUS

(Continued from page 31)

chuckle of mingled relief and amusement as the gloom swallowed him up. A few moments later I saw his dark shape moving inside his tent. I was walking back to my own tent when—

"*Ahhh—eeh!*"

It was a shriek of mortal terror so piercing that it cleaved the quiet veldt like a thunderclap. It was a cry dripping with stark fear—a cry that ended sharply as though cut off by a throttling hand.

For a moment I stood there trembling at the ghastly sound. It had come from the village, there was no doubt of that. And Tim Henry, though he ill deserved it, was safe in his tent. I had seen him go in with my own eyes. What could be the meaning of that strident, choked-off cry?

Moving not a muscle, I listened intently for several minutes. I heard no sound except the faint, far-away yapping of a jackal. At last I shrugged and headed toward camp. Whatever it was, it was no affair of mine.

And yet the memory of that fear-laden shriek would not leave me. I tossed uneasily in bed for what seemed hours before sleep finally came. And if I thought that all trouble was over with the safe return of Tim Henry, I was soon to learn otherwise. . . .

I was awakened at seven by my servant Umbish, an innocent Zulu lad of thirteen.

"*Bwana!*" he cried. "Uzimi, the gun bearer, has gone. He cannot be found anywhere!"

"Gone!" I echoed. "But where can he be?"

The black boy shrugged. "I do not know. He has not been seen in camp since last evening. He is gone like this—poof!" And the lad blew a puff of breath into the air.

I was irritated. That devil Uzimi! I intended that day to make an attempt to get pictures of a group of lions which had been sighted a few miles west, and Uzimi should have been busy long ago oiling the guns and getting the party in order.

I TOLD Umbish to call Doni, head man and tracker in my crew, a keen-eyed black of whom it was said, "He can follow the trail left by a flying bird's shadow."

"Doni," I said when he came, "you will see if you can pick up Uzimi's trail—a fresh trail made only last evening."

Doni nodded. He started by circling around the camp in ever-widening circles. He found many of the gun-bearer's huge footprints, but not for several minutes did he find the ones he wanted. Then he set off toward the Zulu village at a fast pace, his beady eyes reading the marks in the soil and grass as a white man reads a newspaper.

On and on he bore toward the village, until finally he stopped at the side of the *gange*—the high fence of poles and thornbush that protected the natives from prowling lions. Carefully he inspected the fence.

"Uzimi—he climb over," he said laconically. "Other tracks here too—Bwana Henry. He not climb over."

Suddenly a great misgiving assailed me. "He climbed over the *gange?*" I demanded. "When, Doni—when was this?"

Doni peered at the tracks where they ended. "Maybe moonrise," he grunted. "Maybe before."

My heart sank. I recalled Uzimi's weakness for women. I recalled the terrible scream that had frozen my blood.

"Doni, whose kraal is that?" I asked, pointing to the hut nearest the fence.

"That, *bwana,* is the kraal of Kubwa."

That settled it. The clues fit together too perfectly to be mistaken. The strange events of the previous evening were now all too clear to me.

Tim Henry had stolen over to the kraal to keep what he thought was his tryst with Bimini, wife of Kubwa. Ready to climb the fence, he had heard sounds from the hut of Bimini that which told him plainly that the dark charmer was not alone. Sounds of laughter, and the high tinkle of a young girl's giggle. Probably suspecting that Bimini's husband was at home, and not realizing that the girl had merely been toying with him all along, Henry had stalked back to camp.

But the man inside the hut with whom Bimini had been enjoying her little act at the expense of Tim Henry was not her husband. He must have been Uzimi. The man who had let out that frightful yell was Uzimi, and I very much doubted if he was still alive.

I hurried into the village and sought out Chief Kuruni. He listened quietly while I explained that Uzimi, my gun bearer, had disappeared. Uzimi was a very valuable man. I needed him in my work. Did he, the great Chief Kuruni, have any knowledge about what had happened to Uzimi?

Kuruni shook his head slowly. My gun bearer lost? It was a pity. A leopard had got him, perhaps. At any rate he, Kuruni, knew nothing.

The chief was lying—his enigmatic expression and elaborate air of ignorance left no doubt of that. Something horrible had happened to Uzimi, and the chief well knew what it was; but if I was ever to find out, I would have to discover for myself.

I went back to camp and quickly organized two searching parties, one under Doni to deploy westward, the other, led by myself and Tim Henry, to move eastward. I stared sharply at my hell-raising cameraman as we started out. He was obviously puzzled at the gun bearer's disappearance, and entirely unaware of his own narrow escape from—who knew what?

"Tim," I snapped, "from now on, obey the rules. No more prowling around the water-hole after that Bimini wench. It makes trouble. Tim—serious trouble, as you shall see."

Henry's handsome face was a study in combined embarrassment and stupefaction.

"But—but how the devil did you know?" he sputtered.

"Never mind that. Just let me tell you this: You were furious when you missed your tryst with her last night. But that was fool's luck—the only reason you are alive right now. I think before long I may be able to prove that to you."

Still puzzled, Henry asked me to explain, but I would not. "Wait and see," I counselled.

We searched carefully as the sun approached its zenith and then swung over into its downward orbit. We investigated boulder formations, groves of breadfruit and baobabs, clusters of mimosa, and even searched around the mammoth ant-hills of the veldt which are built higher than a man. From time to time we scanned the cloud-rippled sky. At last, well into the afternoon, one of the natives in the party set up a shout.

"*Bwana!*" he cried. "Vultures! See them?"

With difficulty I made them out, mere wheeling specks in the distant sky, perhaps three miles away. We set out at a stiff pace, and within an hour the great, cruel-clawed carrion birds were almost over our heads. They seemed to center over a small thicket of low-lying thornbush at the top of a slight rise in the veldt. We hastened there, filled with a presentiment of horror.

It was Tim Henry, a little to one side of me, who made the discovery.

"Look!" he whispered in shocked tones. "God!"

The rest of us clustered around.

There was Uzimi, the huge-muscled gun bearer—the ebony-skinned giant who was so fond of the ladies.

THERE was Uzimi . . . what was left of him.

His naked body was propped upright in a knee-deep hole. His ankles and wrists were bound with leather thongs to a heavy bamboo pole which had been driven into the hole. The thongs, soaked with water when they were knotted, had dried in the scorching sun and tightened so that they cut deep into the black man's flesh.

The lower part of Uzimi's body was alive with ants—the ferocious inch-long ants of the veldt. Not a dozen feet from the grisly corpse was an enormous ant-hill fully eight feet high and perhaps fifteen feet in diameter at its base.

Running from the ant-hill to the body was a well-worn trail swarming with thousands of ants, some crawling toward the corpse, others marching away. Along this trail there were remnants of a clear, shining, sticky substance.

Honey. . . .

I looked at the body of Uzimi. His sightless eyes were popping almost out of their dry sockets. His face was twisted into a ghastly grimace of agony that bared his white teeth and let his swollen tongue protrude from his mouth.

Though the vultures had not yet been at him, and the upper part of his body had been spared by the ants, his abdomen had been almost entirely eaten away.

I spoke very quietly to Tim Henry, who stood appalled at my side.

"Not a pretty sight, is it?" I said, having difficulty in keeping my voice steady. "Young fellow, this is what would have happened to you if you had been caught with Bimini instead of Uzimi. This is the vengeance the Zulus reserve for wife-stealers. Lucky man, aren't you, Tim?"

Henry opened his mouth but could not say a word.

"Do you know how this was done?" I went on. "I've heard the story before, but never knew it was true until now. They tied Uzimi here, Tim. They took honey and ran a trail of it from the ant-hill to his legs. They spread honey up his legs. Then they took a small round stick smeared with honey and plunged it into Uzimi's fundament."

Henry could not repress a shudder.

"Uzimi was alive all this time. He knew what was happening. He begged for mercy, screamed for help, and yet he knew there was no help. They left him there alone—and soon the ants came.

"They crawled up his legs in swarms. They entered his body, ate his intestines from the inside. He squirmed, writhed, tried to escape but could not. He shrieked in agony for hours. Before he died he went mad. . . . No man could stay sane in such anguish."

The natives scooped out a grave and buried the remnants of Uzimi. On the way back, Tim was silent until we had almost reached camp. Then he tugged at my sleeve.

"To think," he murmured, the horror of full understanding visible in his strained face, "that I was mad as blazes when I found that I'd missed my date with Bimini!"

It was almost three months before we took our last roll of film, packed up our duffle and equipment and headed for Beira, thence to catch a boat for America. And not once in those three months did we have woman trouble with Henry again.

—END—

MARSEILLES

(Continued from page 14)

In one of those three places he must die.

It remained only to choose the assassins. Four were picked. A forger called Raich, an experienced slaughterer and mechanic by the name of Mijo Kralj, Pospishil who was an automobile expert, and finally worst of all, an instructor in murder, an expert in assassination, the grim flat-nosed Macedonian, Velicko Kerin. Each of these four had been known to the police by a multiplicity of aliases, but for the purposes of our story the above names will suffice.

The quartet was given beautifully-forged Hungarian passports, second-class railway tickets, and money in both pengoes and Swiss francs. They were to regard themselves as two groups of two. Of each group, one would be the chauffeur, the other the helper. The Macedonian and Mijo Kralj were slated to cover Alexander's stop at Marseilles and to kill him there. Should they fail, Pospichil and Raich would be awaiting the monarch at Versailles. It has never been explained who would take care of the Lausanne visit in case the other two attempts should miscarry. Perhaps Pavelich himself had intended to cover that possibility.

So in the last days of September, 1934, the quartet who would kill a king left Nagy Kanisza for Zurich. Their journey was to start a landslide which would threaten Western civilization.

AT THE railway station in Zurich they met by an elegant young man, blond and charming. His name was Egon Kvaternik. Your daily paper has coupled his name with that of Pavelich quite often in recent months when discussing the building of the new Croatia. Today these two men rule the Croats under the nominal kingship of a jackal of the Royal Italian household, the Duke of Spoleto. Kvaternik was a descendent of Eugene Kvaternik who, in the last century, fought for Croatian liberty.

The five took an indirect route to Paris by way of Lausanne. In Lausanne they paused at the Hotel des Palmiers where Kvaternik bought for Raich, Kralj, and Pospishil new outfits of clothing. The Macedonian was later similarly outfitted in Paris at La Belle Jardiniere. The old clothes abandoned at Lausanne were packed into a valise. Among the garments arms and ammunition were hidden. The bag was left at Lausanne to be picked up, should King Alexander reach that city alive. It was later found by the authorities in the checkroom of the *salle d'attente* of the Lausanne station. By that time, Alexander and Barthou were dead.

From Lausanne they travelled on a one-day tourist permit across Lake Geneva to the French town of Thonon. There they received new forged passports, Czeckoslovakian ones. The quartet was described in those documents as *naturalized* Czecks. This would account for their unfamiliarity with the language of their "country." From Thonon they took the express for Paris where Kvaternik gave them French francs. He was free with money, this Kvaternik. He could afford to be with the Italian treasury behind him!

Kerin and Raich registered at the Hotel Regina, Pospishil and Kralj at the Hotel d'Orsay. Kvaternik went first to the Bellevue, then to the Commodore. When he was settled there he paid a visit to the Hotel Ste. Anne where he asked at the desk for a certain Madame Maria Vondracheck.

To the lobby in a few moments came a truly beautiful woman, blonde, svelte, and aristocratic. Her true identity has never been discovered. She is just another of that sisterhood of *femmes fatales* whose lives have been woven, like scarlet threads, through the sombre tapestry of European power-politics. She may have been the sister of Kvaternik and wife of a prominent S. A. commandant in Berlin. She may have been a member of the Ustachis. She travelled on a forged Czeck passport as did the rest. Her task was to journey from Paris to Marseilles in the grand manner of a wealthy and beautiful woman. In her chic luggage (which no chivalrous Gallic official would dream of searching) would be a small arsenal of bombs, ammunition, and Tommy guns.

You can mark down Maria Vondracheck as the gun moll of the Axis!

ON THEIR first day in Paris the entire company dined together in a restaurant near the Opera where they were joined by a personnage known in the records simply as "Peter." "Peter" was almost certainly Ante Pavelich himself, come up from Italy to oversee the expedition. During the trial in the French tribunal months later, witnesses never spoke Pavelich's name. They referred only to "Peter."

During their Parisian stay, they went over the ground at Versailles, dined at the *Cafe de la Paix*, and left another valise of old clothes and weapsons in the checkroom of the Gare St. Lazare in case the Marseilles attempt should fail.

Eventually Pospishil and Raich were left in the Hotel du Lion d'Or at Fontaineblau. And on October 6th, 1934, "Peter" (Pavelich), Maria Vondrachek, Egon Kvaternik, Mijo Kralj, and the Macedonian, Kerin, boarded a train bound for the south of France.

They didn't go straight to Marseilles, but left the train at Avignon. It was Friday. The King would not be in Marseilles till Monday. On Saturday they took a bus to Marseilles for a preliminary examination of the scene of action. They visited first the Quai des Belges where the King would land, then the Rue Cannebiere and the Stock Exchange where stood the monument to the dead French on which Alexander was to place a wreath. Here, they decided, would be an excellent site for a regicide.

They went up to Aix-en-Provence where the woman, Maria Vondrachek, engaged a room with twin beds in the Hotel Negre. In one of the beds she slept. In the ticking of the mattress of the second she concealed guns, ammunition, and bombs.

The following day was Sunday. Again they visited Marseilles. By this time it was known that the Queen would not accompany Alexander, and that Barthou instead of Laval would be the King's official escort while in the French city. They laid their plans carefully. On the right side of the Rue Cannebiere the Macedonian would be posted with a Walter gun (which operates as Tommy-gun or pistol interchangeably) in his jacket and a Mauser in his trouser pocket. Both weapons were manufactured, of course, in German factories. Across the street on the steps of the Marseilles Bourse Mijo Kralj would lounge with three bombs in his pocket. He had learned to throw bombs with considerable skill during his "schooldays" at Janka Puszta. He could prepare them for explosion in his pocket with one hand, then remove them ready for instant action. A clever fellow, this Kralj. At the instant he saw Kerin jump on the running-board of the royal motor-car and open fire with the Walter, Kralj was to lob his three bombs. In the resultant confusion both would escape. They hoped.

On the fateful Monday morning the two went up to Mme. Vondrachek's room in the Negre where she and the presumed Pavelich took the weapons from the mattress and handed them over. It was decided that, the deed done, they would all meet in the restaurant of the Hotel Moderne in Aix.

So did Kralj and Kerin set out on the Marseilles bus for their rendezvous with murder. They had a travelling companion that morning of October the ninth, but they didn't know it. The companion might be called The Tragical Destiny of Modern Man. But not for Kralj and Kerin such refinements of thought. They were a couple of workers going to work. To them it was just another job.

MARSEILLES was *en fete* that day. The *Tricouleur* mingled its gay folds with the standard of the Kingdom of Jugoslavia. Crowds began to throng the streets early in the morning. The rivalries of nations were of small import to the joyous burghers of Marseilles. To them a better Bouillabaisse was of greater consequence than the rising tide of Fascism. It is no criticism to say this. In those days we were all rather innocent about the undercurrents of European politics. The visit of a minor sovereign to a World War memorial was a pleasant interlude in the life of a busy French port, but that was all.

Of course that year of 1934 had been a year of omens as we look back now. Frenchmen had fought Frenchmen in the *Place de la Concord* and machine-gun fire had crackled briefly before the workers' apartment buildings in Vienna. Then there had been the rather startling blood-purge of June. But the significance of those scattered woes was lost upon the average man. Many a good Frenchman considered this Hitler quite a remarkable fellow with some mighty practical ideas, "*pas pour les Francais, b'en entendu, mais—!*" Mussolini was the more feared, but even he seemed to have his imperial gaze bent across the blue Mediterranean to the North African coast. In the meantime there was sunshine and the tang of autumn in the air. The word "blitzkrieg" had not yet been publicly used and blackouts were something discussed only in military conferences. The anti-Jewish stand of the Nazis was causing a deal of trouble, and Spain was in ferment. But still these were all matters of state to be ironed out on the Quai d'Orsay, the Friedrichstrasse, at 10 Downing Street and the White House. The average man was tired of politics.

Such was the world through which stalked two sinister figures. The man with the Mauser and the Walter. The man with the three bombs.

ALEXANDER landed at the Quai des Belges on schedule. Together with Barthou, he started his royal progress from the waterfront accompanied by the roar of saluting cannon, the whine of welcoming aircraft overhead, the friendly cheers of the beaming Marseillaises. On and on the royal procession rolled down the crowded Rue Cannebiere. Now the monument was just ahead, near the Stock Exchange. The car in which the King and Barthou were riding was an old one. It was making barely twenty miles an hour.

Just as they passed the Bourse a man detached himself from the crowd. His hideous face appeared before Alexander. An animal snarl revealed gold-filled teeth. He swayed precariously on the running-board and suddenly from the concealed Walter poured a lethal spray of bullets. The King was wearing the uniform of an admiral. Its gay tunic was in an instant sodden with blood. Barthou rose quickly and attempted to escape from the death-car. At the same time he pleaded for some one to restore his dropped glasses since he was unable to see without them. He didn't know that the shadows before his eyes were the shadows of death. He scarcely realized he'd been hit. Georges, the French general detailed to guard the King, was also bleeding. He had several severe wounds. The Macedonian killer was instantly struck down but his fire never ceased. Boot-heels ground his features to a pulp but even as he lay he attempted to re-load the Walter. When this was torn from his fingers he reached for the Mauser in his pants pocket and continued to fire. His blind shots found victims among several bystanders, men and women. Finally and in great pain he died where he had fallen. *(Continued on page 62)*

MARSEILLES

(Continued from page 61)

Alexander was dead by the time help reached him. So was Barthou. The assassination was a resounding success. And, at least for a day or two, the indifference of Europe was vaguely stirred. But the pre-war smugness of those who believed that the last war had been fought settled like a stifling blanket over the entire Continent soon, and the drama of the regicide faded from people's minds.

Pavelich and the beautiful Maria Vondrachek embarked for Italy instantly in a boat conveniently anchored in the harbor of Marseilles. Mijo Kralj, having had no opportunity to toss his bombs effectively, slipped through the crowd and took the bus for Aix. He reached the town before the news of the double-murder did. According to orders he sat in the restaurant of the Hotel Moderne, but no one came. That evening he drove to Avignon and took a train to Fontainebleau. His peasant brain was forcing him to retrace his route in detail. He looked for his erstwhile companions, Raich and Pospishil, at the Hotel du Lion d'Or in Fontainebleau but they had checked out. Frightened and bewildered, he retreated to the Fontainebleau woods where he hid for several days, planless and alone. Hunger finally forced him from his leafy security. In a nearby bistro while he was drinking coffee and dully munching brioches, they caught him.

In the meantime, Pospishil and Raich returned to Thonon on Lake Geneva, their original point of entry into France. A frontier guard in civilian clothing picked them up on suspicion. He had nothing on either of the two, but he questioned them concerning their destination. In a sudden panic, Raich confessed.

When the story came out, France demanded the arrest of Pavelich and Kvaternik who were, by this time, in Turin. The "arrest" consisted of detention in a fashionable hotel of the town. Mussolini refused extradition. When the French representative of police arrived at Turin, he wasn't even allowed to see the "prisoners." Laval did not insist, since the removal of Barthou, last stalwart of French democracy, had left the traitorous minister free to play his own game of comradeship with the dictators. Laval today is, of course, one of the top-dogs at Vichy. I use the slang, top-dog, advisedly.

Laval's handling of the French trial of the three who were caught was treasonable in the extreme. He adjourned the deliberations indefinitely. Nothing happened until 1935, and at the trial's end in February, 1936, the former *cause celebre* had been forgotten. The matter came up in the League of Nations, but nothing was said which would touch upon Italy's obvious role in the assassinations, and even the Jugoslav representative to Geneva was gagged politically. Deals affecting Eastern Europe were concluded quietly and everyone appeared satisfied. Russia alone, through its delegate, Litvinov, tried to make of the case an issue against the aggressor nations, but the effort was abortive. Everyone knew, of course, that if the sympathies of Alexander's government had not paralleled those of France and Britain nothing would ever have happened. But afterwards (as per plan) the Jugoslav kingdom fell into the hands of a pro-Axis rule, and the enemies of Alexander took over the government of his realm. Germany and Italy allowed their long and ominous shadows to fall athwart the impotent and divided nation of the South Slavs, and until the German attack last spring, Axis influence was predominant and the French system of alliances and balance of power created at Versailles was eternally smashed.

When the test came, the Jugoslav people showed the mettle of their courage in a dogged struggle against Hitler's Panzer legions, but the ground work had been long completed, and the land once governed by the murdered Alexander was already carrion for Nazi-Fascist vultures to pick at. And those vultures paid off for once, installing at the head of the practical government of the new Croat "nation" two birds of most evil omen, those Ustachis butchers and devisers of regicide, Ante Pavelich, and the slim young man, Kvaternik.

—END—

"All I said was—'Give me a recording of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in G Minor'!"

YOU CAN BEAT THE RACES

(Continued from page 4)

play are large enough to cover a bigger bet. A play may be made: $2 to win on the first horse, "if-money" $4 on the next, which is usually done when both are longshots.

A reverse, or back-to-back, bet is written thus:

WHIRLAWAY . . . $2 to win.
If-money
ALSAB . . . $2 to win.
And reverse.

This bet, calling for an investment of $4, is similar to two separate transactions, one as previously described and the other the exact reverse, or:

ALSAB . . . $2 to win.
If-money
WHIRLAWAY . . . $2 to win.

In the event that either horse wins, there would still be a profit, providing the winner pays odds of better than 2-1. Exactly 2-1 would be necessary in order to break even on the play.

NOW that we've disposed of ordinary parlays and back-to-back betting, let us go into some other forms of profitable racetrack speculation. Do you know what a round robin consists of and the opportunities it holds for the average player? If not, let me enlighten you and put another bookmaker-destroying tool at your disposal. A round robin is a rather new weapon, but, men, what a jarring kick it contains! And it certainly permits the bettor to get the most for a small outlay of money. The most popular type of round robin, and from which it has received its name, is that composed of three horses. They are arranged in three parlays of two horses each and require no more of an investment than in individual betting on as many horses. There is, of course, some risk involved, as is the case whenever a betting pyramid is attempted, but the dangers contained therein are not any greater than those attached to playing regular two-horse parlays, which, after all, a round robin is actually made up of. However, unlike a three or four-horse parlay, the round robin offers multiple opportunities for profit, as with two winners a successful transaction would be completed, which is not the case in out-and-out parlaying. More simply, a round robin eliminates some of the hazards of a complete pyramid, for it permits a cash return in the event that all the horses named do not win and yet it gives the player a chance to reap a golden harvest if they do.

But let us get down to the gist of the matter: the round robin itself. How does it work? Well, supposing you've chosen three horses for your day's play and intend to make a separate wager on each. You know, just as I do, that unless the animals are real longshots, at odds of perhaps 10-1 or better, or unless you're an Arnold Rothstein or a Pittsburgh Phil in the size of your bets, your chances of winning a great deal are pretty slim. But played in a round robin, the three may—and probably will, if they win—return plenty. All you've got to do is group them in three separate two-horse parlays, as:

Parlay No. 1—WHIRLAWAY and ALSAB.
Parlay No. 2—WHIRLAWAY and WAR RELIC.
Parlay No. 3—ALSAB and WAR RELIC.

As you will immediately notice, each horse appears in two parlays. Therefore, in order to score a sweep of the entire transaction, all three must win. But the victory of two would also permit a cash return and usually a profit unless the prices paid by the winners are very small. Yet, no matter what the odds may be, the profit on the winners if played separately could not be larger.

There is no point in trying to kid ourselves on this score, but betting a dollar to win another dollar, or perhaps two, can lead only to financial disaster. Cold statistics, compiled over many years, offer irrefutable evidence supporting this claim. The most successful professional handicappers do not exceed 33 per cent winners in their day to day selections and a great many of them fall short of that mark by a wide margin. This figure includes the shortest-prices favorites, since the public selectors usually see eye to eye in picking standout plays, those backed down to the ground by overzealous players who cast aside all reason in their eagerness to bet on a winner at any price. Now, if you're following one of the leading selectors and manage to get 33 per cent, or one winner in every three bets, you'd need an average price of 2-1 on your successful plays just to break even and 3-1 or better to earn a profit. In other words, to offset prices of 1-2, 3-5 and similar odds, which occur quite frequently when horses are chosen from a public handicapper's daily lists, many of your winners would have to pay good prices. Do you get them? I seriously doubt it. If you do, read no further; this is not meant for you; you've got the secret to great riches.

HOWEVER, if you are one of that vast army of ever-hopeful but slightly disgruntled players, and you recognize what I have just set forth as a statement of fact, then gather a little closer; perhaps the round robin is what you are seeking.

A round robin may also be formed of more than three horses. The grouping of four, five and six horses in a play of this kind is not infrequent. Every round robin must follow a mathematical pattern, and in it each horse must be named the same number of times, but no two parlays should be alike.

Before going ahead with illustrations of four-horse, five-horse and six-horse round robins, I will endeavor to show you the results of a winning three-horse play of this type. The unit of betting will be $2; the hypothetical winners at odds of 5-1 each, the equivalent of $12 in the mutuel machines. Three parlays at $2 each would entail the expenditure of $6, the same amount as in plain

betting on as many horses. Now, follow this closely: three individual winners at odds of 5-1 with $2 bet on each would bring back $36, a profit of $30 on a $6 investment. But played in a round robin the three would return $216 on the same outlay, or $210 with the invested capital deducted. That, in a nut shell, describes the vast difference between the two types of betting.

Even three horses at odds of 3-1 each are not to be sneezed at, unless, of course, you are a Croesus; for, whereas in individual betting with $2 placed on each the return would be $24 (the amount bet included), a round robin would net the satisfactory profit of $96.

So there you have it, convincing enough evidence of what the round robin can do for you in your betting operations.

A round robin may also be played for second or for third, but no matter which, the same procedure is followed and identical rules apply. The fixed rules likewise cover every kind of round robin, regardless of how many horses they may contain. With each additional horse, more parlays are added in conformity with the set mathematical pattern. For instance, a four-horse round robin would be written thus:

Parlay No. 1—WHIRLAWAY and ALSAB.
Parlay No. 2—WHIRLAWAY and WAR RELIC.
Parlay No. 3—WHIRLAWAY and MARKET WISE.
Parlay No. 4—ALSAB and WAR RELIC.
Parlay No. 5—ALSAB and MARKET WISE.
Parlay No. 6—WAR RELIC and MARKET WISE.

A five-horse round robin would be as follows:

Parlay No. 1—WHIRLAWAY and ALSAB.
Parley No. 2—WHIRLAWAY and WAR RELIC.
Parlay No. 3—WHIRLAWAY and MARKET WISE.
Parlay No. 4—WHIRLAWAY and MIOLAND.
Parlay No. 5—ALSAB and WAR RELIC.
Parlay No. 6—ALSAB and MARKET WISE.
Parlay No. 7—ALSAB and MIOLAND.
Parlay No. 8—WAR RELIC and MARKET WISE.
Parlay No. 9—WAR RELIC and MIOLAND.
Parlay No. 10—MARKET WISE and MIOLAND.

A six-horse round robin, written along similar lines, would read like this:

Parlay No. 1—WHIRLAWAY and ALSAB.
Parlay No. 2—WHIRLAWAY and WAR RELIC.
Parlay No. 3—WHIRLAWAY and MARKET WISE.
Parlay No. 4—WHIRLAWAY and MIOLAND.
Parlay No. 5—WHIRLAWAY and PETRIFY.
Parlay No. 6—ALSAB and WAR RELIC.
Parlay No. 7—ALSAB and MARKET WISE.
Parlay No. 8—ALSAB and MIOLAND.
Parlay No. 9—ALSAB and PETRIFY.
Parlay No. 10—WAR RELIC and MARKET WISE.
Parlay No. 11—WAR RELIC and MIOLAND.
Parlay No. 12—WAR RELIC and PETRIFY.
Parlay No. 13—MARKET WISE and MIOLAND.
Parlay No. 14—MARKET WISE and PETRIFY.
Parlay No. 15—MIOLAND and PETRIFY.

As you will notice in each of the round robins, no two parlays are exactly alike and every horse is named the same number of times in each set. More horses may be put together in a round robin—there is no limit to the number—but the same pattern must be followed always. When the first two horses win, a pay-off is assured, for a parlay would be completed. With each additional winner from that point, the return grows larger. All two-horse parlays are computed the same way, as explained previously in this article, to determine the correct pay offs; and the various amounts won should be added up to reach the grand total.

SINCE it may take you some time to familiarize yourself with the mechanics of listing a round robin properly, particularly one containing five or six horses, my suggestion is that you clip and save the aforementioned examples for guidance. For Whirlaway, Alsab, etc., substistitute your selections, but make sure that no two parlays are alike and that every horse is named the same number of times in each set.

How would you like to receive $3,935 for a $2 bet? Or $3,610? Or $3,320? Those were the largest daily double payoffs of last year. Two of them came in rapid succession on consecutive afternoons in April at the Bay Meadows racetrack in California; the third occurred at Pimlico, Maryland, in November. All that was needed to net those tidy profits were two bucks—and a prayer. There were at least 15 daily doubles which exceeded $1,500 in 1941, and they can hardly be called exceptionally large returns; for the history of daily double betting is replete with such—and even greater—windfalls. In 1939, some recipients of a smile from fickle Lady Luck were enriched to the tune of $10,772.40 for $2 when horses named, appropriately enough, Joy Bet and Merry Caroline formed the winning combination at Washington Park, Chicago, on August 14. The year before, Charles F. and James Boy proved the victorious coupling at Bowie on November 16 and backers of the pair collected $6,754.50. Three years earlier, Wanoah and Arakay accounted for the daily double races at Tropical Park, Miami, Fla., on March 18 and rewarded their supporters with $7,205.40 for a deuce. The high mark for 1940 was reached when Billy Skilful and All Sweep won at Ak-Sar-Ben, Omaha, Nebraska, on July 2 and paid $4,897.80.

Is it any wonder, then, that this form of speculation has taken the country by storm? A $2 ticket to fortune — who wouldn't take a chance? With visions of sudden riches dancing before their eyes, bettors in great number breathlessly hasten to the windows where daily doubles are sold at the racetrack and long lines form hours before the first race is scheduled to be run. As a matter of fact, because of the tremendous interest in this feature, daily double windows usually close before the regular betting starts, to give the mutuel clerks a chance to get their records in order so that the possible payoff on every combination could be determined in advance.

It is safe to say that no form of betting at the racetrack holds more appeal than the daily double. Most courses have adopted it as a regular part of their program—New York fell in line last year—and many of the handbooks also are accepting such bets since the double gained its present popularity.

Perhaps you are new to racing and don't know what a daily double may be. For your information, it is a combination made up of two horses chosen from designated races —usually the first and second, the first and third or the second and third—the success of which depends entirely on the victory of both. The money played on all the combinations is set aside in a separate pool, which has no bearing on the amount bet on the indiivdual races, and the entire sum is divided pro-rata among those holding winning tickets. As in a parlay, both horses must win in order to effect a payoff. Daily double tickets sell for $2 each and the disbursement of the pool is computed on that basis, with all of it proportioned among the winning bettors except for a small deduction, which is the tax imposed by the track and the State.

IF YOU go to the races, you probably play the daily double, and if you don't, perhaps you place such a bet with your bookmaker. But whichever may be the case, you're unquestionably eager to cash a winning ticket. Well, I don't give any guarantees, but here is your best chance to do so:

Take the first three horses in each of the daily double races as chosen by a good selector, as:

RACE No. 1	RACE No. 2
1. Whirlaway	1. Market Wise
2. War Relic	2. Petrify
3. Alsab	3. Mioland

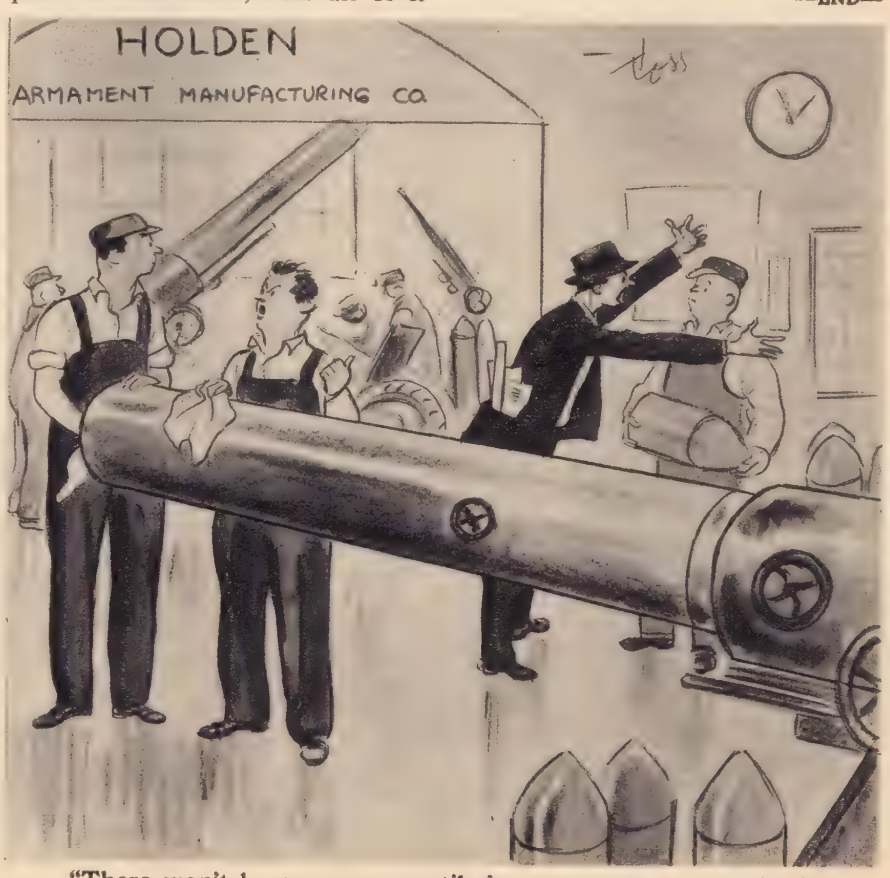
Couple them up so as to make nine different daily double combinations, no two alike and each containing one horse entered in each of the races, as:

Whirlaway and Market Wise
Whirlaway and Petrify
Whirlaway and Mioland
War Relic and Market Wise
War Relic and Petrify
War Relic and Mioland
Alsab and Market Wise
Alsab and Petrify
Alsab and Mioland

This would entail an outlay of $18 (nine daily doubles at $2 each) but with a winner in each of the races the return in all likelihood would surpass the investment by a wide margin, unless each winner was a short-priced favorite. However, the statistics I have used as the basis for this suggestion leave little doubt in my mind that the advice can be put to profitable use, for my check-up reveals numerous winning daily doubles, many at exceedingly large payoffs.

So there you have it—the key to successful racetrack speculation. Cheerio—and good luck.

—END—



"There won't be any peace until that guy goes on vacation!"

THE GHOST OVER EBBETS FIELD

(Continued from page 53)

"Just give me three more years up there," said Camilli, "That's all I want. Then I'll quit. I'm sick of the game, tired of knocking around the country. Just give me three more years. I hope I can stay up there that long."

Well, Dolph Camilli stuck to baseball. True that he wanted to quit. He missed his wife, his kids, his ranch in California, but some mysterious force kept driving him on. And when the 1939 season opened, Dolph Camilli again was at first base for the Brooklyn Dodgers.

He began to play better ball. He started to move around first base with cat-like agility. His snaring of wide throws out of the air, his going into the dirt after bad balls like he was digging potatoes, his booming bat hitting home runs with authority, his accurate throwing arm —all those virtues seduced the customers and made the modest, business-like Californian a favorite with the Flatbush fans. Dolph Camilli became known as "The Machine."

As Camilli's bat gave an exciting uncertainty to the wacky Dodger ball games, more and more fans flocked to Ebbets Field. "Knock 'em silly with Camilli" became a Dodger battle-cry. In 1940 it reached the proportions of a crusade when a group of staid Brooklyn citizens actually organized a "Camilli for President" campaign.

With Camilli wowing 'em, the turnstiles began to click. Larry McPhail heard the tune, raked in the dough and like a Saturday-night sport with money jingling in his pockets, went shopping. He returned from the ivory markets with new stars like Medwick, Higbe, Reese, Herman and Owen to help out Dolph Camilli and make a pennant dream come true.

From a team of baseball clowns the Dodgers became a pennant-hungry winning combination. And it was Dolph Camilli who became the ringmaster.

Always a hard-working, dependable player, in the season of 1941 Dolph reached baseball greatness. Winning ball games with circuit blows and cutting off runs with brilliant plays afield—they were all in a day's work for Dolph. He always went down swinging.

Manager Leo Durocher once bawled out a Dodger player for taking too many called strikes. "Look at Camilli," shouted Lippy Leo. "He strikes out but I don't get mad. He swings at that ball. He takes a real cut. Even when he strikes out, the pitcher knows he was in a battle."

But what made Dolph a valuable player was his perfect team work and his tendency to let the spotlight play on his team-mates rather than himself. One day the Dodgers were playing the Giants. In a late inning, Dolph Camilli made a sensational stop of a hard ground ball, whipped it to second base for a force out, then raced back to first and made a great catch of a wild throw for a double play.

Upon receiving the ball, he quickly turned and whipped it to Mickey Owen, who had come all the way over behind first base to back him up. Camilli made that throw merely to call attention of the fans to the ground the catcher had covered, so that Mickey's hustle drew as much applause as Dolph's sensational play.

HIS team-mates like and respect Dolph. Pete Reiser, the 21-year-old who became the first freshman in history to win a league batting crown and who finished behind his team-mate in the balloting for the most valuable player, rooted hardest for Dolph to win the coveted award.

Cookie Lavagetto, Fat Freddie Fitzsimmons, Curt Davis and Larry French are Dolph's more intimate friends. In off-season they often go together on hunting trips. It's always open house at the Camilli ranch in California for his team-mates.

Last season Dolph roomed with Cookie Lavagetto, who hails from Oakland, across the bay from Camilli's birthplace. They had plenty in common, not the least of which was airplanitis. For hours at a stretch they would discuss plans and study everything in connection with aeronautics. But now, the roommates have parted, for Cookie is in the Army.

The Camilli clan is fast becoming a Brooklyn institution, for Dolph's two older boys, Richard nine and Douglas five, already are wearing Dodger uniforms. They are the clubhouse mascots at Ebbets Field, the pets of the dugout.

Last season Dolph Camilli had the best year of his baseball life. After all those fruitless years, years of frustration and disillusionment, it seemed as if a voice from beyond the grave had called to him: "1941 is your year, Dolph." All season the pennant-hungry Dodgers carried on a scorching battle for the flag, and in almost every rally and in almost every play, it was Dolph Camilli who ignited the spark to a Brooklyn victory.

The turning point of the season for Camilli happened on July 23rd. The Dodgers were scheduled to play the Reds in a night game at Cincinnati. Dolph Camilli was despondent. The bat had begun to feel heavy in his hands, and he would get that tired feeling along about the seventh inning. A strange lassitude had begun to overpower him.

Camilli didn't play that night. Instead, he boarded a train for Baltimore and went to the Johns Hopkins hospital for a checkup. He returned munching vitamin B-1 pills, which the doctors had given him but he said nothing about it to his teammates. The effect of the new diet was apparent almost at once. The first baseman who had seemed on his last legs suddenly launched a one-man blitzkrieg that was responsible for the fabulous Dodgers' first pennant in 21 years.

Late in July, when "Dem Bums" were staggering and threatening to collapse, it was Dolph Camilli, chewing his vitamin pills, who brought the club out of their swan dive. In the last ten days of the season, when the club seemed ready to fall apart, again it was Dolph Camilli who held them together. He hit a homer at the Polo Grounds in a 5-4 game won from the hateful Giants. Two days later, he won a 15-inning game from the Boston Braves with five hits, and drove in a valuable run in the second game, which ended in a tie.

At the age of thirty-three, when most major league ballplayers are on the way out, Dolph Camilli had his best year. How valuable he was to the Brooklyn pennant cause may be gleaned from following statistics:

He led the National League with thirty-four home-runs and with 120 runs batted in. He made 151 hits, which included 29 doubles and six triples. He made only sixteen errors all season for a fielding mark of .989 and his batting average was .285.

There's one other statistic that will never show up in the record books, but it was equally important. For no first baseman ever came up with low throws to first better than Camilli and his pick-ups rescued the rookie shortstop, Peewee Reese, from a spot on the bench.

ALL in all, baseball has been good to Dolph Camilli. Where only three short years ago he was a disillusioned, faded veteran ready to quit—today he is a happy and contented player. In winter, he lives on his ultra-modern 1,725-acre ranch three miles out of Laytonville, a northern California farming community. More than two hundred head of choice cattle, twenty-odd horses and countless chickens and turkeys roam his ranch. He owns a shiny Cadillac sedan and an $8,200 four-passenger Fairchild airplane which he flies when he isn't busy playing cowboy on his ranch in California or playing first base in Brooklyn. And somehow, if you were to catch Dolph Camilli, in a quiet moment away from the crowds, the headlines, the fanfare, and pry him into talking about himself, he would tell you that he owes all his good luck to a dead prize-fighter—a voice from beyond the grave that always seemed to whisper to him throughout those bitter, hopeless years: "Dolph, stick to baseball. Someday they'll call you the best in the game. It'll make me happy."

Dolph Camilli kept that appointment with a ghost. Today he's the most valuable player in the National League. He was easily first in the voting cast by twenty-four writers from the eight major league cities. Nineteen of the twenty-four members of the Baseball Writers' Association of America named Dolph Camilli the National League hero of the year—a landslide! But hell, Dolph would have been an unanimous choice if his five bambinos could have voted. They think their pop is terrific!

Who doesn't?

—END—

STRICTLY HEROIC

(Continued from page 26)

with less concern in his voice than he felt. He had not thought that being chief of aviation would require piloting a plane.

"No, Chui, it is not the same. Many people become dead from airplane flying. Only very brave men can learn to make the motors carry them through the air, and you are not very brave," Angelita said.

She reminded him that many times the ships crashed into the ground. She painted horrible pictures of twisted wreckage and a dead Chui.

THE young officer excused himself hurriedly.

"There is something which I forgot," he said. "I must go at once to el Presidente."

"So, you are afraid to be a flyer," Angelita taunted him. "You will tell el Presidente that you do not wish to be capitan."

"Señorita, I am a brave man. El presidente, himself, has so said. I am not afraid, but in all Puerto Necio there is no other who can pilot the motorcycle," Chui stormed. He hoped his voice sounded more convinced than his knees.

But the palace of government was his destination. The sentry at the door of the president's office saluted respectfully when Chui presented himself. He would see if el Presidente would see Capitan Lopez y Vega.

"Señor Presidente," Chui began after he had been admitted to the presence, "I am honored at the promotion which has been given me."

"It is nothing, capitan, nothing. The army rewards accomplishment."

"But Señor Presidente, I have been thinking that there are others in the army more worthy of this high honor," Chui said modestly.

"Nonsense, Señor Capitan, you are the best of our great army."

"But, Señor Presidente, who will operate the motorcycle if I am in the air force," Chui said.

"The aviation is more important," replied el Presidente.

"Excellency, I beg of you not to take away from me my motorcycle. She is like a friend to me. I would like better to stay with her," Chui pleaded. "Cannot I be demoted back to courier of the motorcycles?"

"Señor Capitan Alejandro Gonzales Jesus de Lopez y Vega, the army of Puerto Necio does not demote its officers. If they betray the honor of their country, they are shot as traitors."

Chui gulped, "Si, Excellency."

"Señor Capitan, you will be ready to leave for the United States within a week. The government of your country expects you to bring honor to her name."

"Si, Excellency," Chui said weakly as he backed out of the office.

The new chief of the air force of Puerto Necio spent the week being fitted for uniforms. But even the beauty of this new finery was denied him when el Presidente ordered that the resplendent uniforms were not

to be worn until Capitan Lopez y Vega reached the United States.

Chui wandered hopelessly pondering his fate. Even if he was demoted to courier, he would lose his beautiful Angelita. If he went to the United States, he would probably be killed in an airplane, and if he wasn't killed, he would be shot for disgracing his country before the eyes of the northern country's army.

A boat took the young officer to the United States, and a train deposited him at the Texas city where the air base was located. The official welcome had helped only a little to make him forget his misery. When the band, which had been hurriedly assembled from local Latins, after the army leader had given up the attempt to play the Puerto Necian national anthem, played as Chui stepped off the train, his chest swelled in his new uniform until he remembered that the same song would be played at his probably forthcoming funeral. He shrugged his shoulders. Perhaps he could at least die suddenly and receive military honors, he thought as the army mechanic brought him back to the present with another polite question.

"If the captain is ready, I'll pull the chocks," the mechanic shouted.

Chui cautiously fingered the knobs and gadgets inside the cockpit. Tentatively his hand closed on the throttle, and he pushed the lever. The powerful motor increased its roar and the mechanic interpreted the change in tempo as the signal to pull away the blocks from the wheels. The pursuit plane began to move across the busy field where trainers were taking off and landing.

Shouts went up from the officers and cadets lining the landing strips as the little pursuit headed directly toward the spot where a trainer was about to land under the guidance of an inexperienced pilot. Chui heard enough of the commotion to add to his own terror. Frantically the young Latin searched for a means to stop the plane's rush. He pushed again on the throttle, and the motor roarer louder as the plane picked up speed.

"Santa Maria Lopez, where are the brakes!" Chui shouted to the plane more than himself. His eyes saw the rudder bar and hope dawned.

Pedals for the feet. These must be the brakes. And this long lever in the middle must be the emergency brake.

"I will work them both at once," Chui shouted.

He grabbed frantically at the stick and pulled with all his strength while he jammed his right foot on the rudder bar. The little plane responded by shoving its nose into the air. It rose not more than fifteen feet before banking sharply and crashing into the ground.

An almost mortally frightened flying cadet watched the fighter skip over his head and then bank into the earth. Sirens wailed and the crash wagon rushed to the plane as Chui crawled painfully from the wreckage. His right arm dangled in the sleeve of his jacket.

The Puerto Necian could see excited groups of men gesturing and talking as he rode in the ambulance to the hospital, but he was too far away to hear the conversation. He was sure he knew enough. He was disgraced. He, Chui de Lopez y Vega, had disgraced the army of his country. He would be shot.

AT THE hospital he tried to talk to the army doctor who set his arm. The doctor told him not to talk. Later, Chui paced his hospital room. Only the immediate pain in the arm which he carried in a sling allowed him to forget the greater pain that would be his lot when he returned to his country.

An orderly rapped his knuckles against the door. So, the time of his disgrace had come. Chui squared his shoulders and lifted his chin. He would take it like a soldier.

"Come in," he said.

"The commanding officer's compliments, captain, and would you be so kind as to come to headquarters when you are fit enough to do so," the orderly said as he saluted.

"Si, I will come immediately."

The army of the United States wants to tell me I must leave, thought Chui. They will tell me that my country has been disgraced and that Puerto Necio must pay for wrecking so beautiful a warplane. Then I will go to my country to be shot. Captain Lopez considered immediate flight.

"But I could not live without my Angelita. If I go back to my country I will see her again before I die. She will have a memory of my dying promise of love to come between her and the machinegun corporal," Chui told himself.

The commanding officer looked embarrassed as Chui came into his office.

"Captain Lopez," he began, "I—ahem—deeply regret the unfortunate occurrence which took place this afternoon."

"Colonel, your regret is no deeper than my own," Chui replied with a stiff bow. He saw a flying cadet standing at attention behind the commanding officer. Several other officers were in the room. Witnesses, no doubt, Chui thought.

"However," the colonel continued, "I observe that you escaped with painful but not too serious consequences."

"Oh, the arm. It is nothing, sir," Chui said aloud while he mentally agreed with himself that the broken member would be nothing to the firing squad that waited in Puerto Necio.

"Flying Cadet Thomas was in that training plane which you miraculously avoided," the commander said as he jerked his head toward the young student flyer behind him. "Cadet Thomas wishes to give you his personal views on the occurrence."

Chui groaned.

"Is something wrong, Captain?" the colonel asked.

"It is nothing, just a slight twinge in the arm," Chui lied. Must they add this insult to his humiliation. To face him with the man he had almost killed was too much.

Cadet Thomas stepped forward and saluted stiffly.

"Sir," the student recited, "I wish to express my deep gratitude at your brave actions which today saved my life."

The cadet saluted again and backed away.

"Gratitude—brave actions—saved—but, sir," Chui stammered to the colonel.

"But what, captain?" the commanding officer asked.

Chui took a deep breath. "But, sir," he said, "I was only doing my duty as an officer of the Puerto Necian army."

"Your modesty is becoming, Captain Lopez, but you will find that the United States Air Corps considers such bravery and the risk of your own life to save another beyond the call of ordinary duty," the colonel said. "Cadet Thomas was making an unauthorized landing, and only your superb handling of your plane prevented a tragedy."

Chui stammered that he had acted only instinctively and on the impulse of the moment.

"If that is instinctive performance, we should be happy to have you give us a demonstration of flying, Captain Lopez," the colonel said.

The young Puerto Necian looked startled before he remembered his broken arm.

"Since I cannot fly with my injury, colonel, I fear that my government will recall me to my country until I am again fit for active service."

A week later Chui was on a boat bound for his home. Anxiously, throughout the voyage, he consulted a new watch which he wore on his wrist. His interest in the time piece grew as the ship neared port.

The little tugs pulled the liner into the wharf, and the Puerto Necian national band filled the air with the strains of the national anthem to welcome home the hero. At the foot of the gangplank waited the president.

"Coronel Alejandro Gonzales Jesus de Lopez y Vega, your country salutes you," chanted el presidente. He embraced the hero.

"But, Senor Presidente, I am only capitan," Chui stammered.

"I, Presidente of Puerto Necio, say that you are coronel and present you with the national medal of your country," said the chief executive.

CHUI blushed properly, but his eyes had already begun to search the crowd for Angelita. A pair of carmine lips and a frantically waving hand identified his lovely one. She had come to the dock to meet him. The colonel's heart pounded, but he experimented with a saunter as he moved toward her.

"For my hero is this," Angelita murmured as she kissed him.

"Sin Verguenza, have you no shame before all this crowd," Chui said in what he imagined was a cold voice.

"But, Chui, I love you so much more than Corporal Ramos."

At Angelita's house that night the couple murmured to each other in the patio.

"Chui, why are you a hero?" Angelita asked. "I hear all the people say it was because you were brave in an airplane, but, Chui, you cannot fly."

"So, I, the chief of aviation of my country, cannot fly," said Chui angrily. "Look, then, what was given to me for my flying."

He unstrapped the watch and pointed to the engraved characters on the back of the case.

It read: "Presented to Capt. Lopez y Vega by the officers of the U. S. Air Corps for bravery and superb flying."

"Of course," Chui said as Angelita collapsed into his unbroken arm, "my country can afford no planes, so I will not be able to show you. But you have my word, flying is just like riding my motorcycle."

—END—

"My husband's got me worried—he looks at me and smiles—and says absolutely nothing."

Author! Author!

THE MEN WHOSE EFFORTS FILL THE PAGES OF SIR!

PAUL KERI

PAUL KERI who authored "Marseilles-Pattern for Mass Murder" has the background to go with an authoritative article about Nazi-ruled Europe, since he has been fighting Facism and oppression nearly all his life. Born in Budapest, Hungary, he served during the world war No. One as a front-line correspondent to a group of Hungarian and Austrian newspapers. He fought on the barricades in the streets of Budapest during the Democratic revolution there, and was rewarded by the victorious Free Hungary government with a diplomatic post. He was imprisoned during the "White Terror" that took place later and spent three years in jail under condemnation to death. Escaping jail in a fictional escapade, he fled to Russia. He returned to Vienna to fight for Hungary and against the spread of Nazism. From Vienna he fled to Prague, from there to Paris, always one short step ahead of the same group of murderers who did such an effective job on Peter of Jugoslavia and Barthou of France. From Paris in November of 1940 he fled to the United States armed with a special visa from the President of the United States. Since arriving in New York he has written many articles for the New York Herald Tribune and translated a Hungarian book, "Az Ember" that popularizes the technique and strategy of modern warfare.

HARRY (the horse) LEE is just the baby to tell you what the races are all about. His article, "You Can Beat the Races" is based on years as a racing expert and a proven prognosticator. Lee, who lists collecting checks from editors as his favorite hobby, is the Editor of the Daily Racing Tab. His articles on the bangtails have appeared in the Daily Racing Star, National Turf and Sports Topics, Friday, Laff and many other publications. That he knows his hay and feed bags is illustrated by the fact, that if you had followed his prognostications in Laff for the past five months you would have made $116.75 on a five dollar flat bet. And in the parlance of the tracks, "That Ain't Hay!"

CHESTER L. WASHINGTON

CHESTER L. WASHINGTON, who authored "Joe Louis—The Man Behind the Deadpan" should know about what goes on behind the Champ's frozen exterior. For quite a few years he served the champ as Secretary and constant companion. Although this article is his first magazine appearance he is a veteran newspaper man, having contributed to the New York Post and the Pittsburgh Courier where he served for fifteen years as sports editor and is today employed as assistant general manager.

Author of "Drink When I'm Dry," ALLAN R. BOSWORTH, is very reticent about disclosing his past. We know he's in the Navy. From the story it's pretty obvious that he doesn't care for the W.C.T.U. He was born in Texas, started writing as a newspaperman in California and has sold stories and articles to Collier's, Saturday Evening Post, Liberty, Ladies' Home Journal, This Week and countless other publications, so we're sure that SIR! is in good company.

THEODORE J. WALDECK, author of "Love Vengeance of the Zulus," sent us the following autobiography. "Born in Brooklyn, New York. Parents died when I was very young. My sister and I were sent to live with our grandfather in Vienna. At age of eighteen, accompanied the Duke of Mecklenburg on African expedition. Some years later was privileged to accompany another expedition to Africa led by Professor Frobenius, world famous archeologist and anthropologist. Later years led four of my own expeditions to various parts of Africa including Belgium Congo, Sudan and Abyssinia. My last expedition in 1937-38 was to South America where my wife, Jo Besse McElveen Waldeck (author of Juvenile Books), and I lived for many months among the primitive Indian tribes in the far interior of Brazil, Venezuela and British Guiana. September 1940 my first book, ON SAFARI, was published by the Viking Press, New York City. THE WHITE PANTHER, my second book, was published by the Viking Press in December 1941."

MAC DAVIS

MAC DAVIS, the guy who chases out "the Ghost over Ebbets Field" is an authority on ghosts. He claims to be America's outstanding sport ghost at the present writing. Listen to any outstanding sport commentator from New York to California, he says, and it's even money that he's the ghost writer of the sports spiel. Davis has sold articles to Liberty, the old Mercury magazine and countless pulps and has authored the book "They All are Jews." Before becoming a radio writer, he claims to have held about fifty other jobs, two months to a job, then fancy free. Pick any job, and he'll give two to one that he worked at it one time or another.

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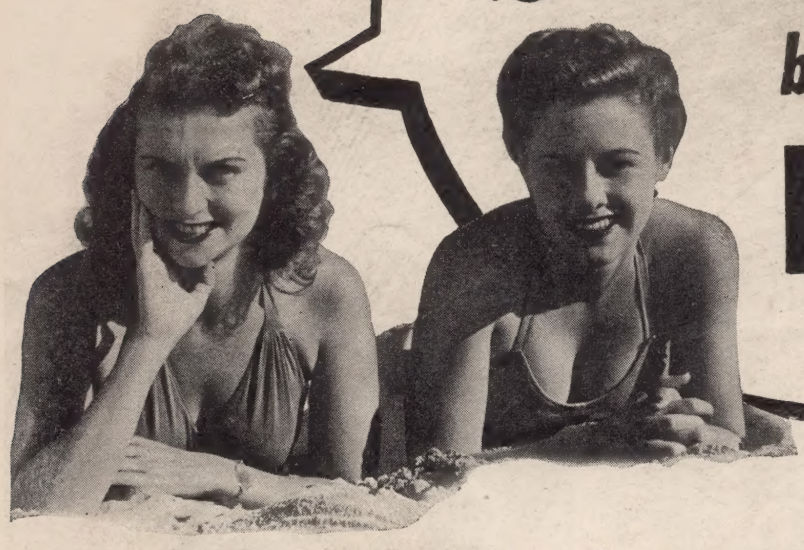

CHARLES ATLAS
An actual untouched photo of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

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And don't think *clothes* can cover a flat chest, skinny arms, pipestem legs EITHER! People KNOW when a man's got a puny build like Caspar Milquetoast—or when his personality glows with smashing strength, rippling muscles, tireless energy! A fellow like that is BOUND to be the life of the party! Do YOU want to be that kind of a man? Then listen to THIS—

In Just 15 Minutes a Day I'll Prove I Can Make YOU a New Man Too!

That's what I said—*15 minutes a day!* That's all I need to PROVE—regardless of how old or young you are, or how ashamed you may be of your present physique—that I can give you a body men envy and women admire. Biceps that can dish it out, and a muscle-ridged stomach that can take it. A full, deep barrel-chest. Legs that never tire. A tough, sinewy back. An all-around physique that can laugh at ANY kind of rough going.

Today, a wave of FITNESS is surging over America! Suppose YOU are called to the colors! Will *your* body be the laughing-stock of the company or will it command the envy of your buddies? Why RIGHT NOW many soldiers and sailors *in active service* are using my methods. They know that a MAN'S body means "easier going," more fun and quicker promotion!

Would You Believe I Was Once a 97-lb. Weakling?

Yes, I *was*—a miserable 97-pound bag of skin and bones! But you'd never believe it to look at me now, would you? Through my discovery of *"Dynamic Tension"* I changed myself into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." I'm LIVING PROOF of the miracles *"Dynamic Tension"* can perform—right in the privacy of your own home! NOW—will you give my method 15 minutes a day to get the kind of HE-MAN build you have always longed to have?

Here's PROOF Right Here!

"Results come so fast through your method that it seems just as if some magician put on the pounds of solid muscle just where you want them!"
—W. L., Missouri

"Feel like a million dollars and have a 44" normal chest—a 2" GAIN!"
—L. A. S., Illinois

"My doctor thinks your course is fine. Have put two inches on my chest and ½ inch on my neck."
—S. L., Oregon

"My muscles are bulging out and I feel like a new man. My chest measures 38 in., an increase of 5 in., and my neck increased 2 in."
—G. M., Ohio

"Your book opened my eyes . . . 1¼ in. gain on my biceps and 1 in. more on my chest!"
—J. F., Penna.

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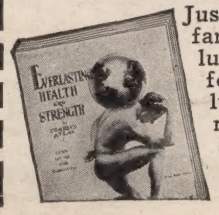

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